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REVOLT IN ARGENTINA

COMMENT OF THE DAY

Wise Expansion

THIS week Hongkong has been given another good example of creditable industrial development. This was the report by Mr J.L. Marden at the Hongkong and China Gas Company meeting. One could cite many outstanding instances of wise industrial expansion in recent years—by public utilities as well as by various manufacturing concerns—all of which have made important contributions to the Colony's economy. But there are special considerations in the case of the Gas company.

It is not new to the Colony—in fact, it is one of the oldest utilities in existence. Earlier this year, however, the company's administration and control were transferred from London by the acquisition of shares by financial interests in the Colony. Hongkong approves the principle of local control. There are obvious advantages to be gained by the company, the shareholders and the public generally as the annual report emphasises.

IN this ever-expanding Colony it is essential that resources should be used to the best advantage. There is no room for selfish monopolies and it is fair that the public should have full freedom of choice. The company is concentrating much new plant in new and growing districts and it is possible that next year's report will confirm the Chairman's expectations of increased demand. It should also illustrate vividly that the minimum of central planning is needed for a natural distribution of resources in this Colony.

If Hongkong is a free enterprise utopia—and many say it is—we may be justifiably proud of the fact that there are relatively few abuses of this economic freedom and that prices here and our standard of living compare favourably with the best developed areas in this region. The altruistic observer will also notice that while there is no "welfare state" here, many benefits enjoyed in more highly developed Western communities are available to Hongkong employees through the firms for which they work. It is gratifying to note that in its first report the Gas company should also announce medical facilities for its employees and their families.

Ready To Wipe Out TB Scourge

Chicago, Sept. 16.

Four Minnesota research experts said today they have the key to wiping out the scourge of tuberculosis.

They reported that the latest tests and new drugs raise the possibility of eradicating TB down to the "last tubercule bacilli."

They said that a 28-year study shows that the new tuberculin test can detect tuberculosis "with uncanny accuracy" earlier than chest X-rays or any other test.

With such a head start, they said, new anti-microbial drugs just coming into use have a chance to destroy all the tuberculosis germs. If the new drugs work, the doctors said, TB may be cured for the first time in history.

A mass testing programme with the new technique, the group predicted, may mean tracking down and destroying the last tubercule bacilli.

MASTER KEY

According to their account in the Journal of the American Medical Association, "The tuberculin test has become the master key to the tuberculosis problem."

The researchers are Drs J. Arthur Myers and Frederick G. Gunlaugson of Minneapolis, Minnesota, and Edward A. Meyerding of St. Paul, Minn., and Miss Jean Roberts of Minneapolis.

The report said that the tuberculin test finds tuberculosis within a few weeks after infection. In this early stage, anti-microbial drugs may destroy all the bacilli, it said. By the time the disease shows up in a chest X-ray, chances for wiping out all of the germs has diminished.—United Press.

Nehru Going To Japan

Calcutta, Sept. 16.

India's Prime Minister, Mr Nehru, is expected to visit Japan next spring, Mr Daisuke Takaoka, leader of the six-man Japanese parliamentary delegation told the Press Trust of India here today.

Japanese Foreign Minister Mr Shigemitsu will also visit India next spring he said.

Mr Takaoka arrived here yesterday from Delhi and will leave for Rangoon on Sept. 21 on his journey home.—Reuter.

Rebels Claim Control Of The South

BOMBERS IN ACTION

Buenos Aires, Sept. 16.

Army and Navy units rebelled against the government of President Juan D. Peron today and claim to have gained control of all southern Argentina and of heavily populated Cordoba city and the province in the interior.

A rebel radio broadcast from the Puerto Belgrano naval base, southeast of Buenos Aires, said the insurgents controlled all the area in the south.

A United Press reporter telephoned Buenos Aires from Bahia Blanca, 350 miles southwest of Buenos Aires, and confirmed that the city was in rebel hands. Then the phone line was cut.

Local radio stations under rebel control in Cordoba broadcast claims that all of Cordoba province was dominated by the revolutionary forces.

It said shooting had stopped and that rebel forces were advancing toward Cordoba city under the command of Brig-Gen. Ojeda to take over the Provincial Government.

The announcer at Puerto Belgrano said the seagoing and river fleets of the Argentine Navy were rendezvousing and sailing to Buenos Aires.

He claimed that the submarine base at Mar Del Plata also had joined the rebels.

Airlines reported all commercial flights were suspended until further notice.

Police tonight extended cordons around the Government Palace. The cordons covered an area of about twelve blocks.

At the same time, it was announced that President Juan Peron has sent heavy bombers against rebel forces at the naval river fleet base of Rio Santiago, nearly 40 miles from Buenos Aires.

HEAVY FIGHTING AT CORDOBA

Cordoba, a city of 365,000 inhabitants, is 430 miles, northwest of Buenos Aires. Heavy fighting had been reported there earlier after army and navy units in various parts of the republic took up arms against the Peron regime for the second time in three months.

An official communique said that an infantry regiment is awaiting reinforcements in order to attack the large naval base of Puerto Belgrano, southwest of Buenos Aires.

Puerto Belgrano is one of the bases where naval forces were reported to have rebelled during the abortive coup led by naval officers on June 16 — three months ago today.

Government communiques admit that naval as well as army forces are involved in the new insurrection but until now nothing was known of the Navy's part in the new rebellion.

Naval forces at Puerto Madryn, in the south of Argentina, were reported to have remained loyal to the government.

PANIC IN EVA PERON CITY

There was panic at the city of Eva Peron, capital of Buenos Aires province, 38 miles from the capital, when loud explosions shook the town—named after Peron's late wife—after a plane flew over the barracks of an infantry regiment.

Gunfire was also heard from nearby Berisso and Rio Santiago.

The garrison at Curuzu Cuatia in Corrientes province, bordering Brazil, has also rebelled, an Army communique said.

The Army communique also stated only air force ground units and the school of artillery had revolted at Cordoba. It said a loyalist land and air offensive was about to start.

Telephone reports from Eva Peron said panicky crowds were attempting to evacuate the port with bundles of clothing amid the roar of artillery and explosions.

BIG FIRE IN DOCK AREA

The city was overcast by heavy smoke from the dock area where fire was ravaging installations in meat-packing plant.

Formations of heavy bombers were constantly flying over the city.

Although the overall situation is still unclear, local sources state that the second infantry division and loyal air force units are carrying out an offensive against strong rebel forces.

The authorities imposed a curfew throughout Argentina from 6.30 p.m. At the same time the Army formed a "repression command" similar to the "force of repression" established after the June revolt.—United Press and Reuter.

China Mail Feature Highlights

Here are some of the highlights in today's feature section:

P. 5: Archbishop Makarios: a profile by Les Armour.
P. 6: Great cases of the great detectives of Scotland Yard by Percy Hoskins;
P. 7: "Crazy about London," a Did It Happen? story by William Saroyan. Setion Delmer visits the Saar and finds the ghost of Hitler still marching there.
P. 8: What happened to the Princes in the Tower? Maurice Williams tells one of the world's strangest stories.
P. 13: Sir Beverley Baxter, MP takes a holiday in Liechtenstein.
P. 16 & 17: Local and overseas sports review.

STOP PRESS

Revolt Latest

Rio de Janeiro, Sept. 16.

Rebel radio broadcasting from Porto Belgrano naval base said the whole Argentine navy had rebelled and the fleet was steaming in battle order up the River Plate towards the capital of Buenos Aires.

The rebel communique said the fleet was supported by submarines and naval aircraft.

It claimed that planes were also flying all over Cordoba, third largest city in Argentina, to bomb the police headquarters where loyalist forces were holding out.—Reuter.

Establishes HQ

Cordoba, Sept. 16.

The commander-in-chief of the Army rebel forces, General Dalmiro Videla Balaguer, established his headquarters at the police building tonight.

The chief of the provincial police fled, but the assistant chief is under arrest.

Radio LV-2, in the hands of the rebels, is the only station broadcasting as LV-3 was put out of commission and is believed damaged.

Earlier, LV-2 had announced in a broadcast that the Governor of Cordoba Province, Raul Lucini, and his Ministers had been lodged in the provincial penitentiary by the triumphant rebel forces.

There is complete calm in this city and small groups were seen in the streets fraternising with the rebel soldiers.—United Press.

They Want The Sultan To Stay

4,000 EUROPEANS DEMONSTRATE IN RABAT

Rabat, Morocco, Sept. 16.

Strong police reinforcements were called in tonight when 4,000 Europeans demonstrated here to demand that Sultan Sidi Mohammed Ben Moulay Arafa be kept on the throne.

The demonstrators, many of them members of the diehard European settlers movement, Presence Francaise, which had called the meeting, shouted slogans against the French government and the French Minister for Tunisian and Moroccan Affairs, M. Pierre July.

French officials said they were extremely concerned about the effect the Sultan's departure could have on the French population in Morocco.

As it became apparent tonight that Ben Arafa would not leave the country until at the earliest after the Resident-General had returned from consultations in Paris, members of Presence Francaise, who had been picketing the cream and green imperial palace, relaxed for the first time since Tuesday.

One burly shirtsleeved member, with a pistol under his shirt, told reporters at the palace gate that Presence Francaise would set up a special night commando of 20 armed men, all former Indo-China veterans, if there were any signs that the Authorities intended to take the Sultan out of the country under cover of darkness in the hope of avoiding demonstrations.—Reuter.

Love-Sick Widow Kidnaps Soldier

Rangoon, Sept. 16.

A passionate 24-year-old widow, Ma Hla Kyi, today carried off the object of her affection, soldier Maung Nyien Maung, at the point of a dagger.

The attractive Burmese widow kidnapped the soldier in front of his astonished commanding officer and comrades while he was on a working party on the Rangoon water front.

Maung, a widower, had thought it unseemly to indulge in love affairs so soon after his wife's death. Ma Hla Kyi pleaded that her love was stronger than mere custom. The timid Maung not heeding her pleas, the widow whipped out a dagger and forced the soldier aboard a sampan and away from sight.

No trace has been found so far of the attractive widow and her unwilling lover. — France-Presse.

Train, Bus Collide

Santiago, Chile, Sept. 16.

Ten people were killed and 40 injured when a freight train and a bus, carrying workmen, collided at Polpaico station, about 25 miles north of here.—China Mail Special.

SATYAGRAHIS DEFY POLICE

Bombay, Sept. 16.

Forty-six unarmed Indian Communist volunteers squatted at a road block near Vapi, north of here, tonight after Indian police had stopped their march into Portugal's "pocket colony" of Daman, the Press Trust of India reported.

Led by Communist chief Bhatuk Desai, the Satyagrahis (non-violent demonstrators) had squatted three miles from the border since shortly after noon. Indian police stopped people bringing them food and water and cordoned off the area.

When night fell, the volunteers stretched out to sleep in the open, ignoring orders by Indian police to return to Vapi.

Desai told the demonstrators their mission was to go to Daman and spread the message of liberation. "We shall rather starve than go back to Vapi," he said.—Reuter.

"Thanks For Your Help"

New York, Sept. 16.

Colonel John Arnold, one of 11 imprisoned American airmen released by the Chinese Communists last month, today called on Mr Dag Hammarskjold, United Nations Secretary-General here, to thank him for his help in obtaining their freedom.

Colonel Arnold told Mr Hammarskjold that on behalf of all 11 men, he wanted to express "our tremendous appreciation for your personal role and for the role of the entire United Nations in securing our release."—Reuter.

Paris Paralysed By Traffic Jam

Paris, Sept. 16.

Paris had its worst traffic jam within living memory today when, as a result of the subway and bus strike, millions of Parisians got out their cars to drive home from work.

M. Andre Dubois, Prefect of Paris, who has set out to solve the Paris traffic problems, has said several times that his constant nightmare envisaged the day when every Parisian with a car would take it out into the streets at the same time.

This is what happened today. People arrived for dinner dates two hours late, having taken that time to cover a distance which normally takes them 20 minutes. Red and green lights flicked, police whistled, but nothing moved along the main east-west and north-south arteries.

The situation was complicated by the unusual number of pedestrians, since those without cars had no choice but to walk.

Both underground and bus employees are demanding increased wages. Spasmodic strikes have been operating for the past few days. This evening, the subway company (RATP) reported that while 60 per cent of its traffic had been operating during the day, only 40 per cent was operating at 6 p.m. GMT. By 8 p.m., GMT, the iron gates had been closed on large numbers of subway stations.—France-Presse.

Sergeant Left Fortune

Seoul, Sept. 16.

A US Army Sergeant with $1.75 to last until payday received word on Thursday that a great uncle had willed him $57,000!

Sfc. Rudolph W. Kelly of Houston, Texas, said he had never seen his uncle Lery Dykes, a Houston cattle dealer who died last month and left each of his four nephews $57,000.

"I didn't know my uncle had that much money," Kelly, a 28-year-old career soldier, said. "I never knew much about him, but I am sure beginning to admire his judgment."

He said he had exactly $1.75 in his pocket when he received the letter from home announcing his inheritance. He added that he had never had more than $400 at one time before.

Sgt. Kelly figured that taxes will cut his windfall to about $32,000.

The young soldier is serving with the US 24th Division on the Korean truce front.—United Press.

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SEE THIS SELECTION OF

GOOD USED CARS

1954 MORRIS MINOR CONVERTIBLE, *Green with green upholstery, small mileage, very good condition* $ 6,200.—
1953 HILLMAN MINX SALOON, *choice of two, from* $ 6,500.—
1953 VAUXHALL WYVERN SALOON, *Blue with blue upholstery* $ 6,150.—
1952 HILLMAN MINX SALOON, *choice of two, from* $ 5,300.—
1952 HILLMAN CONVERTIBLE, *Green with new black hood* $ 5,200.—
1952 MORRIS OXFORD SALOON, *Black with brown upholstery* $ 4,900.—

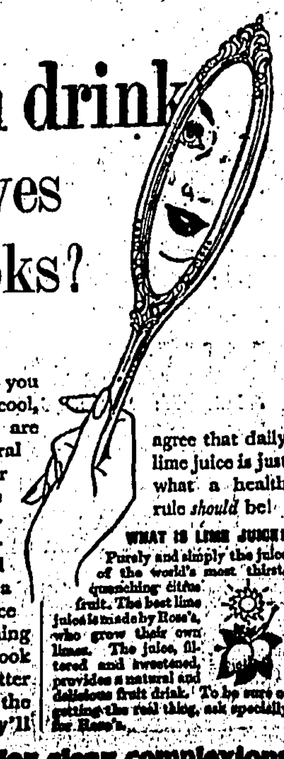
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SHOWING TO-DAY

One of the July Box Office Champions in U.S.



A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL PICTURE

EXTRA MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW

(Admission: $1.00, $1.50)

KING'S At 11.30 a.m.
Full-length Technicolor Cartoon
"THE ROSE OF BAGHDAD"
with 7 Hit Songs

PRINCESS At 11.00 a.m.
Disney-R.K.O. present
A Programme of CARTOONS
in Technicolor

PRINCESS

TO-MORROW AT 12.00 NOON

New Sai Productions present a Rare Indian Picture

"DUNIYA GOL HAI"

Starring
Anita Guha — Karan Dewan — Kuldeep Kaur
Indu Paul — Shyamlal with Sundor

Directed by Om Parkash | Produced & Music by C. Ramchandra | Songs by R. Krishan

7 Hit Songs — Regular Admission

HOOVER : LIBERTY

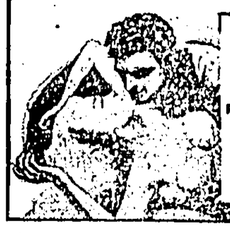
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BIGGEST FILM IN HOLLYWOOD HISTORY!

Woman's Beauty and Man's Temptations!



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CINEMASCOPE
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LANA TURNER · EDMUND PURDOM
LOUIS CALHERN

SPECIAL MATINEE TO-MORROW: REDUCED ADMISSION

HOOVER at 12.00 noon || LIBERTY at 12.30 p.m.

MGM COLOR CARTOONS

CAPITOL RITZ

At 2.30, 5.30 7.30, & 9.30 p.m.

BRODERICK CRAWFORD and RUTH ROMAN



Released Thru United Artists

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Sunday Morning Show at 12.30 p.m.
Starling Hayden in "FLAT TOP"
in thrilling color

TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.



To-morrow Special Show at 12.30 p.m.
"ADVENTURES OF DON JUAN"

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CANTONESE OPERA

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IN PERSPECTA STEREOPHONIC SOUND
METROSCOPE ON OUR GIANT WIDE SCREEN!



HE was the greatest adventurer of all time... and she loved him but feared to share his storm-tossed destiny!

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BEAU BRUMMELL
STEWART GRANGER · ELIZABETH TAYLOR · PETER USTINOV · ROBERT MORLEY
METROSCOPE

SPECIAL MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW AT 12.30
— AT REDUCED ADMISSION PRICES —
A New Programme of M-G-M TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS

FILMS Current & Coming

BY JANE ROBERTS

"This Island Earth" sets out to be a startler and, as far as I am concerned, succeeds.

Faith Domergue and Rex Reason are a pair of young scientists who have, to quote the doctor from the planet Metaluna who drops in on our rather decadent Earth to abduct them for experiments on his own Utopia, "reached an extremely advanced stage in their own field of research".

We have to take his word for it, as throughout the picture, neither gives much proof of abnormal intelligence or application of knowledge. Miss Domergue wears some form fitting gowns that show off without much subtlety what she and Jane Russell had in common, from Howard Hughes' viewpoint, but she seems to be rather a pretty guinea-pig, rather than a woman of science. While her boy-friend, Rex Reason, though touching in his devotion to her, appears pretty average.

The merit of "This Island Earth" however, is not intended to lie in its appeal to reason and credibility, but in its scenic effects.

Fanciful television - type screens show "The Master" on Metaluna talking to his subjects visiting Earth. Coloured lights wink and glow in peculiar futuristic patterns as the atomic equipment does its work, and revolting, man-size insects pad their robot way through the war-torn land of the new planet.

Yes, in spite of all its vast strides into space research, there are still wars on Metaluna. In fact it's for new sources of uranium that Jeff Morrow, as the visiting doctor, has come down to earth. The lack of it is hindering Metaluna's war effort against another belligerent planet.

This sort of stuff is not my cup of ten, but as H.G. Wells produced "The Time Machine", I suppose there must be something to it.

Shadow Into Substance

It is not necessary to be either superstitious or to believe in dreams to enjoy **"The Night My Number Came Up"**, but it will heighten your enjoyment if you can keep as open a mind as does the naval commander in the picture.

The plot hinges on a dream he has had in which he has seen a Dakota aircraft crash, a long way off course, with, for a dream, some very clearly defined personalities on board.

There's a high-ranking Royal Air Force officer, an important civilian, a coarse, brash business man, a woman, plus some others who bring the full complement of passengers and crew up to the ominous number thirteen.

Michael Herdern is the naval commander and once he has rather shamefacedly told his dream at a dinner party, his part in the film is practically finished, but his short time on the screen is well spent. He is not exceptional in a film that has a very competent all round cast.

Attending the dinner party are, naturally, for cinematograph effect, three of the people who are taking off on a Dakota for Tokyo—the destination in the dream. The reactions of these three, as the details of the dream take place in reality, are the highlights of the picture.

The high ranking R.A.F. officer is Air Marshal Hardie, played with quiet authority by Michael Redgrave. His taciturn personal assistant — a young Flight-Lieutenant who has already had a nervous breakdown (the mental collapse of one of the passengers is foretold by the naval commander) is Denholm Elliott, and the important civilian is the commander's host, Alexander Knox.

The suspense is well built up (although it could have been speeded up a fraction) and the coincidences fall into place with just the right air of having been pre-ordained.

The Australian comedian Bill Kerr, who is so popular on the radio at home as "the man from Wagga Wagga," has a small part in the film as an A.W.O.L. soldier, who, with his friend, Alfie Bass, is hitching a ride back to his unit. He effects the same dry underplaying style he uses on the radio and his short role should show producers what a film find he is.

The New Films At A Glance

SHOWING

HOOVER and LIBERTY: "The Prodigal". The story of Micah, son of Eli. Lana Turner, Edmund Purdom and Louis Calhern.

KING'S and PRINCESS: "This Island Earth". Rockets, space ships, and a green ray. Jeff Morrow and Faith Domergue.

NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD: "The Night My Number Came Up". An aircraft crash is foretold in a dream. Michael Redgrave, Alexander Knox, Denholm Elliott and Sheila Sim.

QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "Night and Day". A romantic musical based on some of the incidents in the life of Cole Porter. Cary Grant, Alexis Smith and Monty Woolley.

ROXY and BROADWAY: "Ulysses". "The Odyssey" adapted for the screen. Kirk Douglas and Silvana Mangano with Anthony Quinn and Rossana Podesta.

COMING

EMPIRE, KING'S and PRINCESS: "Reap the Wild Wind". Adventure on the high seas. Ray Milland, John Wayne, Paulette Goddard, Susan Hayward and Robert Preston.

HOOVER and LIBERTY: "Hit the Deck". A happy musical with plenty of pep and a good cast. Debbie Reynolds, Jane Powell, Ann Miller, Vic Damone, Tony Martin and Russ Tamblyn.

NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD: "The Ring". The rise and fall of a young Mexican prize fighter. Lalo Rios and Rita Moreno.

"Rage at Dawn". A western. Randolph Scott, Forrest Tucker and Mala Powers.

QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "Unchained". A thought-provoking picture about America's prison without bars — Chino.

ROXY and BROADWAY: "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now". A musical. June Haver and Mark Stevens.

"The Seven Year Itch". The moral of the tale is that it is foolish to go off alone on holiday, leaving your husband to the mercy of the girl in the next apartment. Marilyn Monroe and Tom Ewell.



Some well-known British stars are obviously expecting a happy time at the Venice Film Festival. The J. Arthur Rank organisation chartered a Viscount airliner as a Film Star special for the occasion. Left to right:—John Gregson, James Robertson Justice, Belinda Lee, Eunice Gayson, Jack Hawkins and Donald Sinden.

Some Shots Of Hongkong

I was a little disappointed in Sheila Sim, as the only woman passenger in the aircraft. True, her part did not call for much acting ability, but her apprehension was too artificial to be credible and I was glad that, in spite of her well-known name in British pictures, the cameraman was not required to use up too much film on her.

The director, Leslie Norman, has been a producer for Ealing Studios for some time, but this is his first attempt at directing. From the result, the switch appears to have been a wise one.

Of local interest is the fact that the aircraft shown in the Hongkong shots was a Cathay Pacific DC3 flown by CPA pilots.

Old Favourites Return

For those who admire the witty lyrics of Cole Porter, "Night and Day" even if seen before, is a must. It's very very long and some of the production numbers show the march of time, but it has, as well as gaiety, good humour and kindliness, a well-told story and some stars we do not see enough of lately.

Mary Martin is featured in it, as well as Ginny Sims, singing with a smile instead of her customary dead-pan expression. Cole Porter is played by Cary Grant, and Linda, his wife, by Alexis Smith.

Monty Woolley is himself and one of the funniest parts of the picture is his singing of "Miss Otis Regrets" at an audition given by Alan Hale.

Eve Arden is there too in a delightful character study of a French cabaret star. All froth and flounces, she promises to do her best, at Alexis Smith's request, for the struggling young composer, for, as she coyly confides "I too was in love once—many times!"

A happy film with which to renew one's acquaintance.

Another Boxing Film

"The Ring" is another boxing picture that tells the story of a promising young man picked out of the crowd, made into a clever fighter and at the same time spoiled by his easily-won success.

Inevitably his career ends in failure, but he is lucky enough to have pretty Rita Moreno around to pick up the pieces.



A scene from "The Night My Number Came Up"

EMPIRE

SHOWING TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

ADDED LATEST PARAMOUNT NEWS
"DUEL IN THE RACE — NASHUA vs. SWAPS"



TO-MORROW MATINEE AT 11.00 A.M.
"THE FAR COUNTRY" in Technicolor
James STEWART • Ruth ROMAN • Corinne CALVET
Reduced Prices At 40 Cts., 70 Cts. & $1.00 Only

MAJESTIC

SHOWING TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



Morning Show To-morrow At 12.30
AT REDUCED PRICES
"SPARTACUS"

QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA

At 2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 p.m. — At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.

SHOWING TO-DAY



— WATCH FOR IT —
Warner Bros. Startling Sensation!
"UNCHAINED"
With Barbara Hale — Elroy Hirsch

TO-MORNING MORNING AT 11.30 A.M.

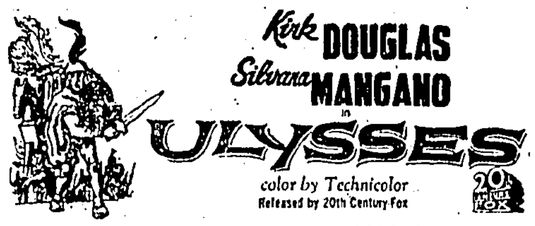
QUEEN'S
Columbia's Technicolor
"RED BERET"
Starring
Alan Ladd

ALHAMBRA
M-G-M's
COLOR CARTOONS
In CinemaScope

— AT REDUCED PRICES —

ROXY & BROADWAY

FINAL SHOWING TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.
The Greatest Romantic Adventure Of All Time!



TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW
AT 12.00 NOON

ROXY:
20th Century-Fox presents
"DAVID AND BATHSHEBA"
Color by Technicolor
Starring Gregory Peck
Susan Hayward

BROADWAY:
Walt Disney's
"THE SWORD AND THE ROSE"
Color by Technicolor
Starring: Richard Todd
Glynis Johns
Released by RKO Radio

— Reduced Admission —
Roxy: $1.50, $1.00 & 70 Cts. || Broadway: $1.20 & 70 Cts.

● OPENS TO-MORROW ●

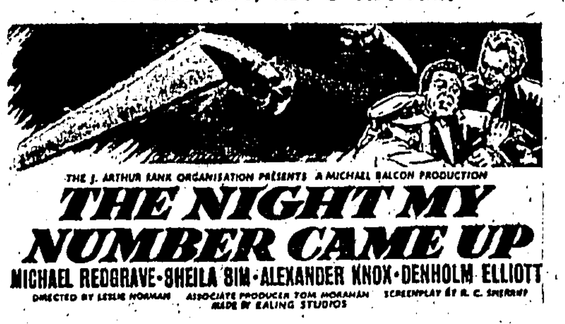


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Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

PLEA FOR AIRLINES 'COCKTAIL CODE'

Chicago, Aug. 30.

An aviation editor recently called on American airlines to draw up a uniform "cocktail code."

Mr Keith Saunders of *National Aeronautics* said the serving of drinks aboard planes is "potentially a grave problem" and the airlines should face up to it on an industry-wide basis.

Mr Saunders gave his views in an article titled "time to chart a course," published in the *Air Line Pilot*—official publication of the Air Line Pilots Association.

Mr Saunders said he wasn't ready to give "full credence" to reports of drunks molesting stewardesses, fighting in airliner cabins, or carelessly starting fires on planes.

But he noted that "a responsible airline captain" reported instances like this in a recent magazine article. He said the situation had reached the point where bar service abroad planes is "largely a competitive sales gimmick."

Bad Publicity

"Airline "A" announces that its passengers may buy a cocktail or highball before dinner on its planes.

"Its competitor, Airline "B," soon counters with an offer of 'one on the house.'"

"Airline "A" then adopts a policy of the one on the house and all others on the passenger. And so on, ad infinitum."

Mr Saunders said protests against drinking on planes "are just beginning" and could develop into "a groundswell of adverse publicity and passenger reaction that could badly hurt the airlines."

He said he wasn't calling for "prohibition" but there were grounds for "adopting a sensible code under which the practice can be controlled uniformly on all the airlines.

"And this needs to be done now—before the situation gets out of hand and degenerates into a scandal or a tragedy," he said.—United Press.

From Washington: *Americans Plan For The Tourist Rush From Russia.*

From Belgrade: *Yugoslav Explorers Search For Sunken Cities.*

From Rome: *Termites Have Invaded Many Of Rome's Historical Buildings.*

From Halifax: *A Man Chooses "Exile" On A Bleak Island In The North Atlantic.*

"TENS OF THOUSANDS" OF RUSSIANS WANT TO VISIT AMERICA BUT . . .

A Fingerprint Smudge Mars Soviet-U.S. Tourist Plans

Washington.

American officials are looking forward to greatly expanded Russian travel to the United States when — and if—the Immigration Department's fingerprinting requirement is lifted.

But getting the requirement changed will take an act of Congress. Under present law, all non-official visitors to the United States must be fingerprinted. However, the State Department is expected to ask that this be changed.

It's Degrading

In recent years, only a relatively few Russians have visited the United States. The great majority travelled as officials of the Soviet Government and therefore did not have to undergo fingerprinting, a process the Russians consider degrading.

Mr Vladimir M. Ankudinov, a high Soviet tourist official, said last week that Russia will let "tens of thousands" of Russians visit the United States if satisfactory financial arrangements can be worked out.

He said Intourist, the Soviet travel agency, would set up a New York office to help Russians wanting to travel to the United States and Americans desiring to go to the Soviet Union.

American experts in Soviet affairs said the Russians were apparently getting ready to lift the Iron Curtain enough to let a good many more of their citizens travel abroad. But they thought nothing like "tens of thousands" would be coming to the United States.

Wealthy Russians

In the first place, they said, there are some Russians who have more money than they can use in the Soviet Union and who might like to spend some of their funds on a journey to the United States. These are principally people who work on a royalty basis, like authors.

Up to a few months ago, the United States would not have been willing to grant visas to a great many Russians. But officials said since the Geneva Big Four "summit" meeting that opposition had softened.

Restrictions

Authorities said President Eisenhower probably would feel that visits to the United States by individual Russians would be more desirable than those of official Russian delegations.

But Russian travellers will run into new obstacles once they arrive in the United States. The U.S. Government early this year imposed strict limitations on travel in this country by Soviet citizens. And there is no indication the United States will lift the restrictions until Russia lifts a travel ban on American citizens.

Under the American order, Soviet citizens are barred from areas in 39 states. The restrictions can be waived, however, in certain cases.

As for fingerprinting, State Department officials have almost made up their mind to recommend that Congress be asked to revise the requirement in the interest of improving East-West relations.

'For Criminals'

State Department authorities expect some opposition from the Justice Department and FBI but think the Administration eventually will seek a change in the fingerprinting provision.

The Russians, who reserve fingerprinting for criminals, feel so strongly about the practice that they cancelled a trip of student editors to the United States earlier this year rather than submit to fingerprinting.—United Press.

Off Yugoslavia's Adriatic Coast

THEY SEARCH FOR SUNKEN CITIES

Belgrade.

Yugoslav archaeologists are exploring the bottom of the sea for a chain of sunken cities off the Adriatic coast.

Legend and local storytellers have long told of the lost cities, and a few have been occasionally touched by divers, some as long as fifty years ago.

But no systematic exploration began until recently, when a young Zagreb schoolteacher, fired by the legends and inspired by discovering documentary proof that some of them must be true, went down to see for himself.

The teacher, Nenad Heruc, first looked for the legendary town of Ulcinj, southernmost point of the Yugoslav Adriatic coast. He learned from legends that the present town of Ulcinj was not the first one, that another Ulcinj had sunk under the waters a thousand years ago.

And he found it.

Exciting Reports

The agency, Yugopress reported that Heruc's reports awakened so much interest that a six-man team of fully equipped divers was organised to begin systematic explorations all along the Adriatic coast, with a three-year plan for the summers of 1955, 1956 and 1957.

First target of the explorations this year is the Roman city of Cissa, off the town of Rovinj, which sank into the sea in an eighth-century earthquake and was partly explored some fifty years ago by a diver from the Austro-Hungarian Navy.

The explorers will also look into Roman port installations known to be under the Adriatic near the Brioni Islands and the port of Pula.

Later they will try to locate some or all of the ten Roman settlements historically known to have once stood on dry land in what is now a strait between the north Adriatic islands of Cres and Losinj.

Limited Objectives

The explorers have limited objectives—they will establish the locations and take photographs, but leave detailed archaeological exploration to later expeditions. Valuable knowledge as to how the Romans organised their ports and warehouses and some contributions to the ancient history of the Adriatic region are expected to emerge.

Most of the sunken towns went down in earthquakes, but some also disappeared slowly because of the normal sinking of the Adriatic coast, which geologists say is dropping at the rate of one metre every thousand years.—United Press.

Wanted: A Foolproof Scarecrow

Ottawa.

The experts have not yet devised, a cheap scarecrow to keep blackbirds out of cornfields.

The latest mechanical bird scarer tried at the Dominion exprimental farm was a carbide exploder. The device consists of a gas generating unit that combines calcium carbide and water to produce acetylene gas.

The gas mixes with air and creates an explosive mixture in an explosion chamber. A pilot light ignites the gas and it goes off with a report like a shotgun.

Under ideal conditions, central farm officials said, the explosions may occur as often as twice a minute.

Two exploders were used in the latest tests at the farm in a two-acre block of ear corn. They cut bird damage from 20 to six per cent.

"However," one official said, "it cost approximately 75 cents a day to operate the units, and in this particular test the value of the crop saved did not equal the cost of operating the exploders."

Another thing they found out was that good protection was obtained for a couple of weeks and then the birds got used to the noise and didn't scare so easily. That's bad, because birds fond of corn sometimes damage more than 90 per cent of the ears in a field and remove as much as one-quarter of the crop.

In civil-service understatement manner, the farm spokesmen commented: "The occasional use of a shotgun . . . might increase the effectiveness of the exploders as bird scarers."—United Press.



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Antibiotics Close Up TB Hospitals

New York.

There will be a cure for cancer by 1957, Dr B. R. Baker of the Southern Research Institute at Birmingham, Ala., predicted.

"Drugs for the cure of the major types of cancer will be found within the next 20 years," he told the seventh summer seminar on the chemistry of natural products at the University of New Brunswick.

He said chemotherapy, the cure of diseases by drug treatment, should be applied to cancer as it had been "outstandingly successful" against such bacterial diseases as pneumonia and tuberculosis.

"With the advent of sulfa drugs and the antibiotics, one rarely dies from pneumonia today," he said. "The strides in TB treatment have been so great that many of our important sanitoriums have been closing their doors for lack of sufficient patients." — United Press.

MEET THE CHAMP!

Record-Breaking Spaghetti-Eater

Chieri, Italy.

Giovanni Di Claudio recently set a new record for eating spaghetti. He ate one pound, one and a half ounces (half a kilogram) of tomato sauced spaghetti in one minute forty seconds and two-fifths.

Watched by several thousand locals and foreign tourists the record was triumphantly won in the 3rd "Spaghetti Trophy" competition at the annual September Festival held in this small town near Turin. Di Claudio was one of six entries.

Rules of the competition are rigidly enforced.

The amount is weighed at exactly half a kilogram, liberally doused with tomato sauce and must be eaten without cutlery. It is also obligatory that hands are tied behind the back and traditional the participant wears a white shirt.—United Press.

SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith



"The foreign news you read to me always sounds the same—for variety see if there are any good sales!"

OUR HEADS ARE GROWING BIGGER

Washington.

If you have a big head, the chances are you are pretty smart.

No guarantee, of course, but an expert said there seems to be a definite relationship between man's intelligence and the size of his skull and brain.

Dr T. D. Stewart, nationally known anthropologist, confirmed what many have suspected for a long time—man's head is getting bigger all the time.

"We don't know exactly why it is," Mr Stewart said, "but men and women all over the world have been getting taller. And over the centuries the human skull has grown larger."

Dr Stewart, Curator of Anthropology for the Smithsonian Institute, is serving as chairman of a two-day seminar on the role of anthropologists in the identification of skeletons, for such things as criminal and immigration cases. Experts from all over the country are attending.

In the dawn of the human race when man possessed few skills, Dr Stewart said, man's skull was much smaller than it is today. As he advanced in wisdom, his brain and skull grew apace.

Dr Stewart said increased intellectural and physical activity may have caused the brain to grow larger. On the other hand, he said, it may have been evolutionary—the process leading to increased activity.—United Press.

Termites Eating Up Rome's Ancient Buildings

Rome.

Millions of voracious termites have invaded Rome's historical buildings in recent months.

They have attacked the Vatican Library, old and precious art galleries, national monument building—in fact wherever there is a nice dry edible piece of tasty timber.

The situation is so serious that the city fathers have placed before the Italian parliament an "order-of-the-day" for the urgent consideration of a grant of 500,000,000 lire (£254,200) to combat the insects.

This is not the first time termites have caused a turmoil in the valuable libraries and dusty archives of Rome.

In 1952 the Government passed a law providing funds for their extermination.

Not Only Rome

But the measures were not enough, said the experts, and a more thorough battle must be waged to eliminate them.

Rome is not the only city plagued with termites. Florence, Milan, Venice and several towns have appealed to parliament for aid to fight the insects.

At Orago, a small village near Venice, termites destroyed more than 200 homes, causing them to collapse by devouring rafters and crossbeams. Hundreds of gallons of petrol, kerosene and complicated DDT mixtures failed to curb the termites' insatiable appetite.

But the termite invasion in Rome, as in other large cities, is much more difficult to combat than in a village, for the insects breed underground. And that is where they must be killed.

Banquet Of Books

In Rome they swarm up the outside or inside of the walls devouring wooden beams on their way to a banquet feast of books or historical archives.

In places like Vatican Library the insects have been so far kept in check. But the slightest relaxation of the authorities' endless vigil brings them swarming over the priceless ancient documents and Books.

Mainly wood-working pests they have destroyed beyond repair the wooden flooring and superstructure of the Saint Gregorio monastery, a complete wall in the National Gallery of Modern Art, rafters and crossbeams in an ancient art gallery on the Via Margutta, and partially destroyed XVIIth century artistic work in a dining hall of the Umberto Institute on the Tiber.

These are only some of the affected areas.

To give an example of how troublesome this problem is there is a huge colony of termites in the garden of the Book Pathology Institute which has its main job—combating termite invasions of Rome's ancient buildings. — United Press.

His Job Means Exile On A Bleak Island

Halifax, Nova Scotia.

Radio operator Gerald Smith and his wife and three children have left for a two-year "exile" on bleak Sable Island, dreaded as the graveyard of the North Atlantic.

Sable Island is about 200 miles east of the Nova Scotia coast and scores of ships have run aground and sunk on the jagged rocks surrounding the often fog-shrouded island.

Smith will help man one of the Department of Transport's vital marine radio stations on the lonely outpost.

His wife cheerfully accepted the move, although there were only 22 other people on the island. She said her biggest problem before sailing had been not to forget anything the family might need during the next two years.

That included plenty of school books and toys for their three children, Helen, 6, Paula, 5, and Danny, 4.—United Press.

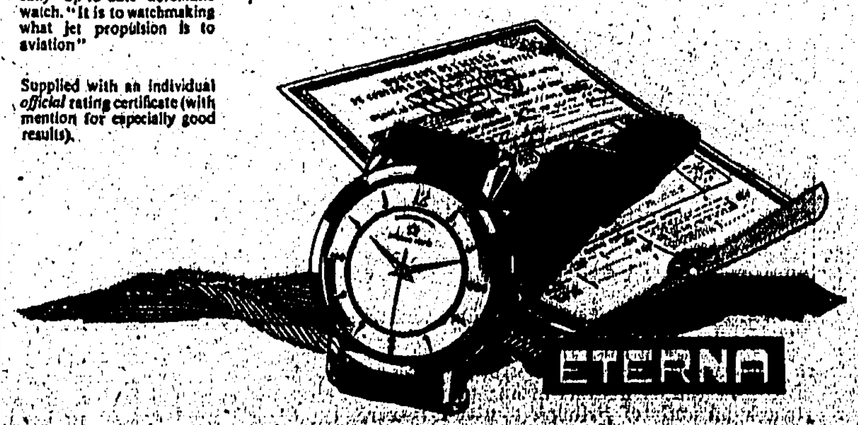

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HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



BLONDE Joan Diener, glamorous, 24-year-old lead of the West End musical, "Kismet," is having contract trouble with her producer, Jack Hylton. Miss Diener went to the Riviera to rest for health reasons and was away from the show for a week. Hylton consisered she had broken her contract, and gave her part to her understudy. Joan was denied permission to enter the Stoll Theatre. (Express)



GOLDEN - HAIRED Ann Tigwell, 23-year-old BOAC hostess who won this year's "Miss Speedbird" title, and bridegroom John Marshall Anderson, an American airline executive of Bahrein. Both went back to work after their honeymoon — and it may be Christmas before they meet again. (Express)



REMEMBER Richard Russell Mains, the eight-year-old who feels no pain? He is shown playing on a South of England beach after his father had accepted an offer from a family to look after him. He has to be watched all the time, because he doesn't know when he may be hurt. (Express)



A year's training at the famous La Scala Opera in Milan is the prize won by Miss Linda Thomas of Lanarkshire, Scotland, who competed with other prominent young singers for the Romberg Singing Scholarship at the Scala Theatre, London. She is seen resting at her hotel after winning the prize. (Express)



FORTY-TWO men and women from 11 countries, who learned to speak English through the BBC's "English By Radio" lessons, have been holding a conference in London. Four of them are here—from left: Greek teacher Apostolos Schinas, Mlle Arlette Mounet from France, coalminer Rudi Weber from Germany and Swedish bus driver Lennart Dahl. (Express)



WALTER COWAN, retiring at 69, thought seriously about his weight (16 stone 7 pounds). He said: "If I'm idle, I'll get fat." So he took up cycling. And since May he has pedalled 4,000 miles. He has lost three stone. He cycled from his home in Stirling, Scotland, to Land's End and back recently. (Express)



BELOW: Gravesend (Kent) boys really had a field day when 46 Heavy Anti-Aircraft Regiment, RA, held its "At Home" to the public at Milton Barracks. The guns, with their complexity of knobs inviting to be turned, were a particular attraction for Andrew Berzins, Michael Lilley and David Paris and several hundred other youths. (Army News)

HERE is the one-in-a-million celebrity girl. She is 21-year-old Barbara Wood, of Redcars, Yorkshire, who will be the millionth immigrant to arrive in Australia, with her husband to be, Dennis Porritt, an electrician. When she arrives in Australia in November, she will be welcomed by a Cabinet Minister. Barbara has worked as a shorthand typist. (Express)

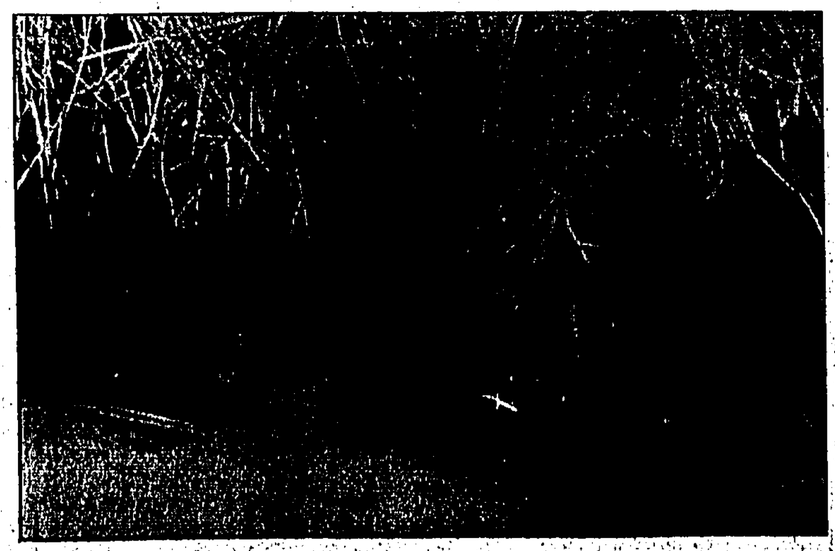


FOUR world travellers who between them have logged more flying hours than they can remember met at a party at London's Dorchester Hotel the other day. They are Swedish air hostesses Kersti and Britt Stahle, who are twins, Captain John Hackett (second from right) and navigator Peter Moneypenny, who last month set up a record by flying from London to New York and back in 14 hours 21 minutes in a Canberra jet plane. (Express)





JUMBO knows how to keep cool in London's heat wave. This Regent's Park Zoo elephant, after a strenuous day giving rides to children, snatches a hosepipe from a gardener watering the lawns and makes sure of a long, cool drink. (Army News)



THE Premier and the Private. Standing in a weapon pit, with overhead protection against atomic blast, Sir Anthony Eden talks to a soldier across the barrel of a Bren gun on his fact-finding tour of the three Services at Colchester, Essex. He saw all units of Britain's strategic reserve, the "Iron" 3rd Infantry Division. (Army News)

NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller



BLACK MAGIC
ASSORTED
CHOCOLATES

Paris Newsletter

Victory Over A Wedding

From SAM WHITE

Paris.

ALMOST regal splendour marked a wedding celebrated in the ancient walled Provencal town of Uzes, whose chateau is the ancestral home of France's premier dukes, the De Crussols. There the 29-year-old Marquis De Crussol celebrated his wedding to 24-year-old Elizabeth de Belleville, daughter of the Marquis de Belleville.

Almost the entire Almanach de Gotha attended the wedding, and among the 500 guests there were princes, dukes, marquises and counts from France, Italy, Spain, Bavaria and Belgium.

The town was en fete for the occasion and at night all its ancient buildings and monuments were illuminated.

The entire population of Uzes flocked after the marriage to the ancestral chateau to be received by the bride and bridegroom. All this splendour must have been of considerable satisfaction to the bridegroom's mother, the elderly Duchess De Crussol.

The De Crussols are not only France's leading aristocratic family, but are also extremely rich. Their fortune comes from the manufacture of sardine-tins. Nevertheless, the Duchess has had a stormy life and this marriage has had a stormy history.

HER ADMIRER

In the inter-war years she was one of France's most important political hostesses. Her faithful admirer was the Radical Premier, Edouard Daladier, on whom she was reputed to exercise a great influence.

As for her son, only last year he underwent a civil marriage in Paris with a 22-year-old step-daughter of an architect. This was a quieter occasion than this week's marriage, but was to have been followed by a similarly splendid religious ceremony.

Then came the bombshell, in the form of a brief announcement in the elegant marriage column of the fashionably read Paris newspaper, Figaro.

The announcement merely said: The marriage of the Marquis De Crussol to Mlle Marque has been indefinitely postponed.

As can now be seen the postponed marriage has given place to another marriage with the daughter of an aristocrat family, and the earlier civil marriage has been annulled. All this was the work of the Duchess.

Opposed to her son's marriage with Mlle. Marque, the Duchess led a successful full-scale family offensive against her. As she surveyed this week's splendid scenes she must have felt a glow of satisfaction.

MONEY IN MOROCCO

A CONSIDERABLE financial reshuffle will accompany the French Government's present plans for a resettlement in Morocco.

The most delicate problem concerns the amount of money to be paid to the present Sultan Ben Arafa, whom the French placed on the throne two years years ago and whom they now intend to replace with a council of regency.

His predecessor Ben Youssef was paid £250,000 a year while being kept in exile in Madagascar. Will Ben Arafa, who intends to retire to a palace he has bought in Tangier be paid more?

I understand that he will and the figure mentioned is over £300,000 a year which, with the financial advantages accruing from residence in Tangier with its "four-way" money transfer advantages, is a generous sum.

A suitable financial reward is to be made, too, to that remarkable figure, the centenarian Grand Vizier El Mokri, who played a valuable part in the recent negotiations.

A Grand Vizier is literally "Prime Minister" in the service of the reigning Sultan and El Mokri must be reckoned the most successful Prime Minister in history, for he has held the job for 50 years.

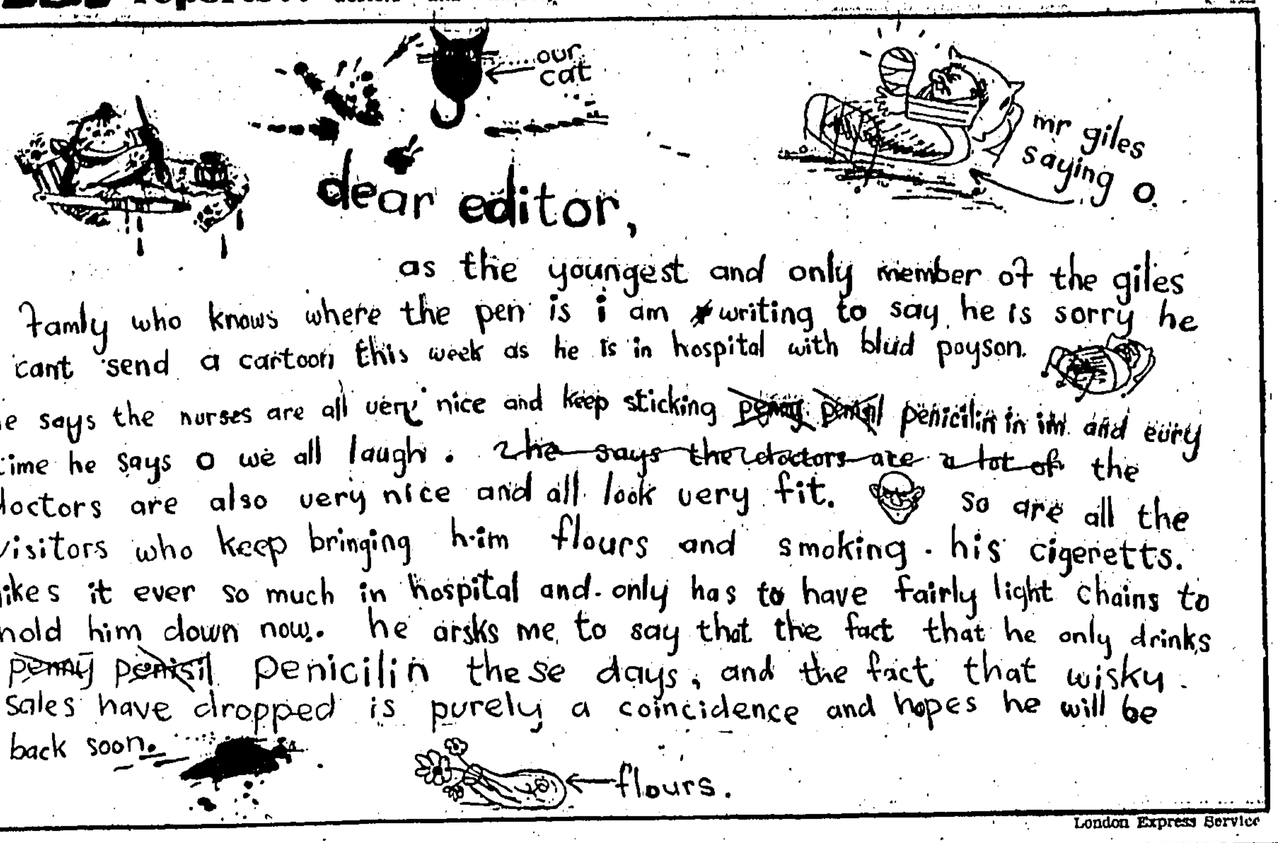
Nobody knows his exact age which is variously estimated at anything between 101 and 112. In any case he represented the Sultan of Morocco way back in 1869 at the inauguration of the Suez Canal.

A stout, slightly stooped figure, he retains enormous energy. He does not drink, but eats European food with relish and remains a heavy cigar smoker.

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

FRENCH Minister M. Jully on emerging from a Cabinet meeting on Morocco: *Nothing has been decided but the Government is absolutely unanimous.*

GILES reports... *Carl Giles, the famous cartoonist, is in hospital with blood poisoning after puncturing a finger of his left hand with a drawing-pin. Despite the attention of doctors and nurses, this latest bulletin has been smuggled from the hospital.*



London Express Service

WHAT ENOSIS MEANS TO MAKARIOS

By Les Armour

One man dominates the troubled Cyprus scene—Archbishop Makarios. Critics have said that as a churchman he should be above the rough and tumble of politics. But, is the Cyprus question a political one to this stormy figure?

MAKARIOS, Third Archbishop of Cyprus, Ethnarch, Nova Justinian. The title is impressive. It is also all-embracing. Both facts are worth remembering in any assessment of the man who has deliberately brought a whole island to the verge of explosion.

They indicate, for one thing, something of the way in which Archbishop Makarios looks at the Cyprus problem. For he takes the title—every word of it—seriously.

The rest of the world sees the Cyprus problem in terms of political geography and twentieth century sociology: the defence of the Middle East, the economic and political state of Cyprus and Greece, the rights of a majority to determine its future, the rights of a minority to be protected from the majority, the distrust that stands between Greek and Turk.

Archbishop Makarios sees it in terms of religious geography and religious history.

Behind the bushy black beard, the bright, penetrating eyes, is a mind which sees straight back to the days when Rome was crumbling and Byzantium was rich and prosperous; back to the days when the Bishop of Byzantium and the Bishop of Rome broke for good and all.

☆ ★ ☆

The Greek Orthodox Church dates from that day and it has never lost the dream of the theocratic empire which would be the rightful heir to Rome, the rightful protector of all that is valuable in human achievement. In the mind of the Greek Orthodox Church it is not easy to separate church from state.

The theocratic doctrine gained strength in recent days when, under the tottering Ottoman Empire, the non-Muslim community was organised into semi-autonomous groups each under the control of church dignitaries. It was their task to preserve the connection with the mother culture—and they were unquestioned rulers.

As Ethnarch of Cyprus, Archbishop Makarios inherits that mantle.



The Archbishop

For Cyprus was once part of the Ottoman Empire. It was also once part of Byzantium—and it is worth remembering that, in official seniority, the Church of Cyprus ranks behind the Patriarchates of Constantinople, Alexandria, Jerusalem, and Antioch but before the Churches of Russia and Greece.

It is a matter of curious history that Greece and Russia remained within the province of the church while the older areas fell. But that they are all integral parts of one empire, Archbishop Makarios does not doubt for one moment.

Hence the fatal attraction of "Enosis"—union with Greece.

It is, in effect, part of his job.

He might have been pardoned for dropping the "Nova Justinian" from his title, but he is well aware that it was Justinian who framed the law which still, to a large extent, governs Cyprus and he fumes when the unlearned forget that he is the New Justinian by proclamation.

But all this may yield a false impression.

Makarios did not spring full-blown from a history book. Nor has he lived his life in a musty cloister unheeding the world around him.

He was born in Paphos, the son of a peasant. From Paphos he went to Nicosia where he studied at the Pancyprian Gymnasium, the best Greek school on the island.

By the outbreak of World War II, he had enrolled in the University of Athens. In 1942, he graduated with honours in theology.

☆ ★ ☆

From theology school, he went to the underground—where he became a famed and respected leader and a man the German occupiers would have given several companies of troops to be rid of.

At war's end he went to the United States to study sociology and theology. The World Council of Churches paid his way and, curiously, he chose the Roman Catholic Boston University for his course.

Two years later—while he was still a student and just 36—he was elected Bishop of Kitios. Within months, he was elected Archbishop and Ethnarch. His election was unopposed.

In those days, Enosis was just a word. The idea had been toyed with for years; but it had never caught fire.

Britain had proposed a new constitution and, for a time, the British government hoped that Makarios would support the constitution and eventual self-government for Cyprus within the British Commonwealth.

The new Archbishop didn't take kindly to the suggestion.

He boldly forged ahead and stirred Enosis into a raging fire. He did more than that, of course: he worked to increase the salaries and the educational standards of his priests and he expanded the island's Greek school system.

He reminded his congregations of their ancient religious heritage and he publicly glorified it, its titles and all that they implied.

Opponents pointed out that Cyprus could hardly be called Greek. In 2,500 years it has had a lot of rulers—Egyptians, Romans, Byzantines, Venetians, Persians Genoese, and British. But it has never been ruled by Greece.

There are 400,000 "Greeks" living on the island; but there are also 100,000 Turks. And the "Greeks" are mainly Greek inasmuch as they speak the language of that country (an inference which would make Americans English).

But they missed Makarios's point. His point was—and is—essentially religious. By religion, the Cypriots are "Greek" (meaning Orthodox) and that is what matters to the Archbishop.

☆ ★ ☆

Of course, he has had more than his share of trouble over it. The Communists, for instance, support Enosis vocally and actively. They are not, indeed, interested in religion or in union for itself.

But it is not hard to see what they would gain out of it—mostly chaos. The Greek government lacks the strength of the British government. It still has Communist trouble of its own.

And the Communists could easily, if Cyprus were Greek, make trouble, draw off a good part of the Greek army to quell it, and then start real trouble in Greece itself.

Archbishop Makarios knows it and he does not like the idea at all. But it puts him in a difficult position. The strength of his case lies in the plebiscite he himself conducted which showed that 95 percent of the Greek population supported Enosis.

If he splits the "Enosis front," his claim to popular support is gone. And the Communists are strong. So he can only remain aloof.

Then, too, the wave of emotion he has stirred up has brought a wave of terror in its wake. There is little doubt that Makarios deplores open violence. For he knows that, whatever else happens, Britain will never never allow herself to be blasted out of Cyprus.

☆ ★ ☆

But again, the "popular front" must be maintained and he is unable to take a strong stand.

Finally, there is the vital problem of the Turkish minority. Makarios is well aware of the ancient enmity between Greek and Turk and well aware of the Turkish fears. He knows that, when they talk of a massacre if the British ever leave, they are talking of something that could happen.

He knows, too, that the stronger the wave of emotion which he whips up, the greater the danger to the minority.

But he finds it hard to conduct the case for Enosis without the emotion. To calm the populace would be to cool the fervour and to cool the fervour would be to write finis to the whole issue.

The tangles are almost too big, now, to unravel—and there must be days when the Archbishop longs for the comparative simplicity of the underground.

But he is the Nova Justinian, history will not let him give in.

(CONTINUED)

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AROUND THE WORLD WITH A DISHCLOTH



by DANIEL FARSON

● DANIEL FARSON is 28. The son of author Negley Farson, he is a free-lance photographer and writer. "I was tired," he says, "of life in a big city....and tired with myself. It was time for a change of scene. So I pinned a notice on my door: 'Gone round the world, back in four months.'"

ONE morning I decided to go round the world. I woke as stale as an old biscuit and knew that I had to get away. I was tired of life in a big city, tired of smart conversation in pubs, tired of good food and sleek living, and, most serious of all, tired with myself. My profession made things worse. A photographer has too much time on his hands. He can't click all day long, and I had grown to dislike taking portraits of people who wished to look different from what they really were.

The big money in photography lies in fashion and advertising, but I prefer taking street scenes, "snaps" as Cecil Beaton called them when he saw some the other day, and these are unsalable.

It was time for a change of scene. What better than to see the world? Admittedly it's the fashion nowadays, everyone seems to be doing it, by canoe, raft, or taxi, and I soon heard of a sketch that was needing a crew.

"The first hop will take a year," said the bearded owner as we crouched in the cabin the size of a tablecloth.

A bit odd

"There'll be two others, one of them's a bit odd I'm afraid, rather moody, a little violent at times — we'll be going along the Atlantic Ridge to begin with, we'll stop at the islands, they're fascinating, quite uninhabited."

My enthusiasm disappeared altogether when he added that I'd have to put up £500.

So I decided to join the Merchant Navy. I had a romantic idea of warm, red evenings on a rusty old tramp, limping slowly along the South American coast. But what could I go as? I had no experience. Someone told me the Norwegian Merchant Navy would take me on, so I telephoned their London shipping line. "Just a minute," said the man, "if you've had no experience our upper age limit is 16."

Next I trudged wearily many miles along the docks to the office of a possible shipping company, but the answer was the same: a small boat couldn't afford the risk of signing someone on who had never been to sea before.

"Try a passenger line," the man advised, "they might take you on as a steward."

That dream

So off I went to the City, headquarters of one of the big South American lines. I was still holding on to that dream. The man I saw was certainly friendly, something I was beginning to appreciate, but equally unhelpful. He asked me what I had been doing and exclaimed delightedly: "Then why don't you come as a ship's photographer? We can manage that easily enough, for you don't have to be taken on by the Pool."

"But I want to give up photography," I said, "that's what I'm trying to get away from."

He shook his head sadly.

I admit I was depressed, but this was becoming something of a personal challenge, so I went to the Pool to see if the Union would take me on.

The man at the desk looked me up and down scathingly. I winced under the scrutiny, and to make things more embarrassing, I had come to the wrong office.

He asked how old I was, and speaking with the weary, contemptuous voice of a judge unable to give as long a sentence as he would like, he said that if I cared to go to their office in the docks I *might* get taken on as a "fireman-coal-heaver" if I cared to take a course in something or other beforehand.

Taken aback

I hurried to the docks. There the scene resembled a stage-set, reeking with atmosphere. A large room, figures lounging around it, men lining up behind iron grilles, notices on the walls. For a moment I was intimidated, but I learned how helpful strangers can be when a seaman, hearing what I wanted, told me of a big Line that was needing crew. The man behind the metal-work said that if I was taken on by the Line the Union would then probably accept me, a condition of employment as far as I could see.

After writing letters and filling in forms I went for my final interview with the chief steward of the Line. I was taken aback when I was offered a clerical job in the purser's office.

But, talking to some stewards who had just landed, I got the impression that in the "cushy" job I had been offered I would have been neither crew nor passenger, and also this would not count as "experience." At the end of it all I would be no closer to my South American run on a cargo boat.

I returned. "Very well then. Utilities steward. Sailing in a week's time. Report here three days beforehand."

I was accepted by the Union, paid my three guineas membership and emerged a seaman at last.

My friends were surprised, and their comments were unhelpful. "What a ridiculous thing to do" or, from a girl friend, "How frightful; think of you sweating down below." They all seemed rather annoyed.

In the last couple of days I've already had a taste of the life to come, rising before six to report on board, and limping back to London at night to finish certain work.

The liner is a large one, nearly 30,000 tons, and the preparations, the loading of food and supplies, which I've always taken for granted, are immense.

My first job was scrubbing a corridor. Two of us were ordered to do this, but the only square buckets we could find belonged to another part of the ship.

Finally, with an impassioned note in my voice, I begged the steward, "Please, please couldn't we borrow two buckets."

Soothing

The kind man mercifully gave in and we started scrubbing, which like gardening can be soothing, but is maddening when people walk on the wrong side and leave a trail of black prints along the part one has just cleaned. Today my hands are certainly not the same, my knees don't feel too good, and I feel completely different towards the Mrs Mops of this world.

I still can't think of the deep, hot, iron jungle as my home, although I was surprised at the spaciousness of the cabin.

There are seven other berths and already some of the others have arrived: an Irishman, a Teddy-boy; a young chap who has done several trips on the ship before, and an old one on his first trip whose face lighted with astonishment when I told him I lived in London.

"A Londoner!" he exclaimed, "well, I'm from London, too." For a moment I thought he was going to say what a coincidence.

One thing

It's all too new to form any opinions. So far there is only one thing I miss—sleep. Never has it seemed so precious to me.

I was up at five this morning, to report back, and staggered up to London again for the last time. I've bought jeans and T-shirt, and the regulation blue slacks and white stewards' jacket from the stores. I packed a few personal possessions, including seasick pills.

In a few hours we shall be at sea. First port of call, Trinidad, then San Francisco, Vancouver, across to Honolulu and Suva, Sydney and New Zealand. Back through Colombo, Aden and Suez.

As I ran out of the flat to catch the last train, I pinned a notice on the door. "Gone round the world, back in four months."

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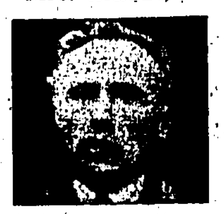
JOHN BALL takes tea with a killer

The detective



Meet Superintendent John Ball of Scotland Yard, whose crime-fighting record provides the latest chapter in this series, Great Cases of the Great Detectives of Today. John Ball is a 51-year-old Londoner —"the only cockney" in the Murder Squad. Lives at Fulham; married, with one son and one daughter. Dresses meticulously. Started professional career as clerk to Mr Croom-Johnson, K.C., later Mr Justice Croom-Johnson. Left to seek more adventurous life with the police. So far has succeeded. His hobby: gardening.

The murderer



GEORGE ALBERT HALL

THE men who make up Scotland Yard's Murder Squad are in the main genial, shrewd individuals whose cynicism is tempered by the tolerance of long experience of human nature.

They possess patience in inexhaustible quantity....., their tempers remain unruffled even in extreme provocation.

The only really angry detectives I have ever seen have been those called upon to investigate the destruction of a child. To their minds, always attuned to cold logic, child murder remains a crime beyond comprehension.

by PERCY HOSKINS

The man Scotland Yard sent to Halifax last year to tackle the mysterious disappearance of six-year-old Mary Hackett is no exception. And to London-born John Ball, soft-voiced, taciturn detective superintendent, murder is no stranger. He solved, among others, the "Murder in the King's House" mystery—the shooting of Elizabeth McLindon, housekeeper to the late King George of Greece.

THE SANDPITS

USUALLY a man who takes life in its stride, Ball went to Halifax without the usual enigmatic smile on his film-actor features, but with a relentless determination to find the child, dead or alive.

He had been told that two weeks earlier the little girl had gone out to play, never to return. She had said: "I am going to the sandpits." And that was the last time her green-frocked little figure was seen.

Meanwhile the local police had searched shops and houses; reservoirs had been dragged; a derelict cemetery had been scourd: age - old tombstones lifted.

By August 15 George Albert Hall, newly - appointed caretaker of the Congregational church across the road from the Hackett home, had assumed the mantle of Samuel Pepys and was writing a diary of the crime that had shocked the 97,000 inhabitants of this Yorkshire town.

"Still no trace of the missing girl — widespread search," he wrote.

THE THEORY

FROM the very outset Detective Superintendent Ball worked on the theory that the child had been murdered. And if her body was still in the district so too, he thought, was the murderer.

Why, he reasoned, should a stranger delay his escape by stopping to hide the body so thoroughly? So foot by foot he went over the ground already explored by the local police.

Into Mr Hall's diary, a few days later, went this entry:—

"September 7. Scotland Yard detectives came this afternoon to search church and school. I helped them."

Superintendent Ball, as it happened, was not present at this particular search but the officers who were noted that whereas on a previous search some furniture was strewn all round the church basement, it was now stored in one far corner.

"It was as though someone wanted to make a dump there," the officers told the Yard man.

THE WELCOME

SO Superintendent Ball began to take an interest in the new caretaker. He began to "play" him as an angler would play a fish.

He would drop in and be greeted with an effusive welcome and an invitation to tea.

And caretaker Hall, for a man with a bad memory as he professed to be, began to remember some interesting things. For example, he recalled seeing a strange man in the church grounds and gave an elaborate description of him.

Strange he should have omitted to mention the matter earlier, the detective thought.

So Superintendent Ball continued to pay his occasional social visits, and a few days later went along to examine the church cellar. The furniture stacked in the corner had now been joined by two pots of paint with the lids removed. *Why?* Were the paint fumes intended to smother something else?

On September 21 another entry went into caretaker Hall's diary.

"Police and firemen came searching," he wrote. *"Found body of little girl in church. Had to go down to police H.Q. for a time. Felt upset and annoyed."*

These are the facts behind that diary entry. . . . As they arrived Hall turned on his customary friendly greeting for the police party. But when he noticed they were carrying spades he became very angry. "You have no right to go digging here," he cried. "I am not going to let you in."

THE SCREAMS

BUT in they went—and digging by the light of storm lanterns uncovered the body of the missing child from a heap of rubble a foot deep below the floor.

There was still little evidence against Hall. Anyone could have entered the church. One gate had been unhinged for years. Yet what stranger would have come back day after day to pile more and more furniture over this crude grave?

The caretaker continued to offer his help and made due note of the fact in his diary.

On September 24 he wrote: "Saw Superintendent Ball, told him about the screams."

Hall's story now was that all the time Mary disappeared he heard a child screaming. Why had he not remembered such an important fact before? A policeman had told him of the search on August 13. Why had he omitted to mention it then?

With these queries unanswered, Superintendent Ball went on checking this fact and that—and eventually the final piece of the jig-saw fell into the place.

THE BODY

THE caretaker, he discovered, had told a doctor on September 21 (the day the body was found) that the girl had been killed by three hard blows on the back of the head. Tackled on the point Hall said he received this information from the Murder Squad man's assistant—Detective-Inspector Dennis Hawkins.

What caretaker Hall did *not* know was that it was not until six hours after his conversation with the doctor that the police themselves knew the cause of death . . . and this information was still a secret known only to three persons — and **Hawkins was not one of them.**

At his trial Hall found, with all his wriggling and twisting, that he could not evade the accusation: "You must have been at the murder to know."

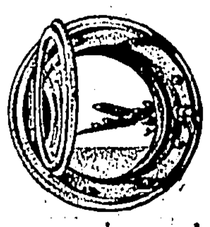
The jury found him guilty—without knowing why the child Mary Hackett was murdered. Only one person could really say—and he was silenced for ever by the State at Leeds Prison at 8 a.m. on April 22, 1954.

THE caretaker's diary is still among the exhibits in the murder dossiers at Scotland Yard. The last entry reads:—

"September 26, Mary Hackett buried today. Went to whist drive."

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For too long men have done the choosing...

but times are changing

A NEW APPROACH TO LOVE

by DENISE ROBINS

NO census was taken of the population of the British Isles before 1801, but we do know that since that time women have held the numerical superiority. And it is the one type of superiority they have not wanted. For, instead of doing them any good, it has turned them into the pursuers and the men into the pursued, which is an unnatural state of affairs.

In the Victorian era there were rows of females known as "wallflowers" pathetically waiting for partners, all too often grabbed by their better looking sisters.

★

For as far back as I can remember the name "spinster" is only an appellation for the girl who has missed the boat. The forlorn, the pitiable old maid. Yet thousands of such women over the last 150 years have remained unmarried not so much because of a personal aversion to matrimony as because they could not find a husband.

Many such women were possibly attractive in their youth and would have made excellent wives and mothers. But nobody asked them. They didn't get a look in. So they had to turn to a sad sublimation of natural human passion —stay at home and indulge in good works or look after other people's babies.

For generations there has been an ugly rush among the girls as soon as one eligible male has appeared on the scene. It hasn't been so much a case of "reluctant debutante" as the reluctant male. There have been far too many girls to choose from, and hordes of match-making mothers after the blood of any bachelor who *might* be brought up to scratch.

But things are changing. The market is still going to be competitive, *but it will be the males who will compete.* The females will be able to sit back with a benevolent smile.

The census of 1953 shows us that there were 14,383,000 males to 13,861,000 females in the working age group. The pendulum will continue to swing in this new direction until, by 1983, it will be the women who hold the superiority in numbers. In so doing they will lose a lot of the old status. For once man stops being hunted and returns to his rightful and primeval place as the hunter, he will have to put his best foot forward. He won't have so much opportunity to kiss and run away. He may find he'll have to give up the scalping habit and stick to one set of curls.

Once again the male peacock will spread his tail for the female and Romeo will wait under Juliet's window. Once again woman will pick and choose. She will insist on being wooed as well as won, and so regain her rightful position.

In the past a man could behave quite badly and get away with it because he felt pretty sure of being able to make fresh conquests whenever and wherever he desired. He could boast of his conquests. He could make a girl feel that he was doing her a favour by leading her to the altar. In fact I once heard a certain gentleman say to his wife (who had accused him of doing nothing for her):

"I married you, didn't I?"

★

I've even heard foreigners remark that the English wives have a thin time because their husbands patronise them. Well, the British husband won't be able to patronise his wife much longer. For in 1983, not only will he have difficulty in getting his woman at all, but he'll have to compete for her with a horde of other anxious males. And when he's got her—he'll have to mind his p's and q's in order to keep her.

There'll be no alternatives around the corner for him. It will be the girl who will be able to walk out and find half a dozen love-starved men ready and waiting for her.

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MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN By Lee Falk and Phil Davis





Ghosts Of Hitler March Again In The Saar

By Sefton Delmer

Saarbrucken.

THEY warned me not to try it. I wanted to get outside and see for myself.

So I opened a great glass door to the street. "CRASH!" A beer bottle whizzed past my head and smashed into the glass. A couple of paving stones followed. I retreated.

The mob outside howled in triumph. They wanted to blockade "traitor" Johnnes Hoffman, Premier of the Saar, who was inside the hall addressing a meeting there.

And, just to leave no illusions who they are, the crowd started up the old Nazi fighting song. *"German is the Saar,"* they sang. *"German ever more."*

Yes, it is 20 years since I last heard Nazi crowds singing that song. It is 20 years since I was here to report that first Saar referendum.

Jubilant Hitler received a 98 percent vote of the Saarland's German - speaking population inviting him to take possession of this rich coal, iron, and steel area, which the French always claim should be theirs.

The world was full of anxiety about that first referendum. An international police corps was sent in to keep order—troops from Britain, Holland, Italy and Switzerland.

European Dream

And now here I am in the Saarland once again to take a look at the new Saar referendum, due on October 23.

The scene is remarkably like that 20 years ago.

This time, however, no one in the outside world seems alarmed. Or even interested. I warn them they had better get themselves interested.

Now the issue before the Saarlanders on October 23 is: "Do you approve of the Europeanisation of the Saar, or do you not?"

And here is the point: I see every sign that the Saarlanders are going to spoil all this beautiful European dream of our wishful-thinking diplomats by voting a raucous nationalist German "No!"

From now on the French will be unable to keep the pro-Germans from making their forces felt.

For from what I have seen here a flashpoint is ready to explode. It is capable of blowing up that pact so carefully patched up last year between France and Adenauer Germany.

Part of the Paris Pact was an agreement under which the Saarland should be Europeanised. It was to become an autonomous European area administered by a neutral European Commissioner responsible to that nebulous body, the Western European Union.

Once a "No" vote has been given the Saar, they reckon, will be swept by a wave of anti-French and pro-German agitation which must ultimately lead the Saar back to Germany.

That is why the Bonn Germans have been secretly pouring money and propaganda tactical advice into the Saar.

I say the vote will be "No" because I have found that the mood of the Saarlanders both inside and outside the political meetings is today remarkably like that of 1934.

It is far from being an accident that the most successful demagogue among the "No" leaders today, and the one who appears to be setting the political pace and providing the idea for all the others, is 48-year-old lawyer Heinrich Schneider.

As a young fellow Schneider was one of Hitler's top propagandists in the early part of the plebiscite campaign.

Nazi Technique

And Schneider is applying the old Nazi technique again today with remarkable success.

I saw tears in the eyes of men and women as they sang the old songs at Schneider's meeting at Neunkirchen.

I saw women struggling to kiss the great man's hand, just as I remember them doing with Hitler when I flew around Germany with him on his election tour.

As I watched Schneider at work he did not seem to be lacking in saltiness. In no time at all he had his audience roaring in rhythm at their opponents—the separatist traitors and lackeys of the French, the men who had worked against the brave German soldier during the war and had then come back in the hour of Germany's defeat wearing enemy uniform to work for the enemy.

He made great play of the ruinous deficit of £30,000,000 on the Saar coal mines which the Saar taxpayer has to meet for the benefit of the French consumers.

"The 1,000,000 Saarlanders," he said, "have been paying reparations to France for the last 10 years."

Again and again in my conversations with Saarlanders I have found these simple Schneider arguments coming up.

The heavy duties the Saarlanders have to pay on imports from Germany, the shoddy goods they get from France; the way they are searched at the frontier by French Customs....

Worse Off

Many Saarlanders almost benefit from the French regime and would be worse off under union with Germany.

But I cannot see their numbers outweighing all those others with their real and imagined grievances piled up in 10 years during which the only political parties allowed here were those endorsing the pro-French line.

Yes, even without the Nazi tricks of Dr Schneider, I think the Saar would vote against that statute if it preserves its mood of today.

So let us start our policy-makers thinking now what is to be done if and when the Saar votes "No."

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CRAZY ABOUT LONDON!

by William Saroyan



★ TODAY one of the top ten authors in America writes a story that COULD be a fragment from his boyhood—but DIT IT HAPPEN?

On MONDAY you can check your guess against William Saroyan's own answer.

DURING the First World War, in 1918, I saw the moving-away of a private dwelling adjoining the Rowell Building on Van Ness Avenue, at Tulare Street in Fresno, California, followed by excavations, and the throwing up of an enormous building which was entitled Liberty Theatre. On the day the theatre was opened to the public I was a witness from across the street on the Republican Corner where I sold The Evening Herald.

It was a gala time—a brand-new theatre, a film called While London Sleeps, American troops in Europe winning the war. Liberty Bonds on sale from trucks in the streets, red Appersons and green Kissel Kars roaring around corners, driven by famous local characters, and by six o'clock a dollar and twenty cents profit in my pocket.

Pay? Never!

I could well afford to pay the ten cents admission to the Liberty Theatre, but I was unwilling to do that. Ara Tutounjian came by on his way home to supper, told me he had made sixty cents profit, and invited me to join him in walking to our neighbourhood.

I asked him if he had lost his mind.

He asked why I asked that.

I pointed to the Liberty Theatre and said: "Just as soon as I get rid of these last two papers, making a net profit of a dollar and a quarter for the day, I am walking across the street and into the Liberty Theatre."

Ara Tutounjian said: "Are you going to throw away ten cents on a movie?"

I said: "No, I'm going to walk in."

Ara Tutounjian asked about my plan of procedure, which I related to him while A. A. Arena, car-lot shipper of grapes, bought my last two copies of The Evening Herald.

'Go ahead'

Mr Arena was a swift-moving man, but having heard what I proposed to do, he said: "Go ahead. I'll watch you do it."

I walked straight across the street, followed by Ara Tutounjian, who wasn't sure he was willing to join me, or at any rate hadn't committed himself. I bore down directly on the North Exit door of the Liberty Theatre, all the while keeping an eye on the girl in the ticket booth, who in turn kept an eye on me.

When I reached the North Exit Door, I turned around to see if A. A. Arena had gotten bored and gone home. He hadn't.

At that moment, the exit door swung open and I seized it to keep it open, so that I might walk into the theatre. The door had been opened, however, by an usher in uniform. I unseized the door and began to move toward the South Exit Door. When I looked back I saw the usher in uniform watching me, and A. A. Arena watching both of us. The usher now began to follow me. Therefore, instead of stopping at the South Exit Door I cut across the street to the entrance to the Sequoia Hotel. The usher lingered in the street a moment, and then suddenly answered a call from somebody standing in the entrance to the theatre. The usher moved quickly, and from across the street I ran to the South Exit Door, but this time no one opened the door.

I saw that A. A. Arena was still watching.

"I'm going to pay in," Ara Tutounjian said.

I assured him that he wouldn't need to—that somebody would leave the theatre by the South Exit door in a moment, and we would walk in. But Ara Tutounjian didn't like the attitude and size of the usher in uniform. I told him that the man had his job to do, but that he couldn't be everywhere at once.



WILLIAM SAROYAN says in reference books that since he was 22 he has done "little but loaf and write."

But at the age of 47 he has loafed and written his way into eminence among the top ten American authors.

Most-mentioned work connected with his name: The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze. But probably most people's favourite is 1943 novel, The Human Comedy.

Born in California, of Armenian parents, he lives now in San Francisco.

The South Exit Door swung open, I seized it, and a family consisting of a father, a mother, a boy of eight, and a girl of six left the theatre. I walked in, followed by Ara Tutounjian. But the usher was there, waiting. He took us by our elbows and without comment escorted us into the street.

A.A. Arena was now sitting on the running-board of a brand-new Moon (possibly his own), in order to follow the proceedings from close up.

Ara Tutounjian went straight to the box-office, paid a dime for a ticket and walked into the theatre.

(I have followed this man's career, and I should like to be able to remark that he has got nowhere, but the fact is Ara Tutounjian today is one of the most prosperous dentists in Fresno.)

'You lead'

From the South Exit Door I walked directly to the North Exit Door, but as the usher walked directly behind me and was now mumbling things even A. A. Arena could hear from across the street it was necessary not to linger at the door but to move on up to the corner, around the Rowell Building to the alley, and down the alley to the back of the theatre.

When I heard footsteps following my own as I ran down the alley, I believed it was the usher, and that he had made up his mind to prevent me from getting in there—on Opening Day. It turned out, however, that the footsteps were Mr Arena's.

"You lead the way," he said. "I'll follow."

Mr Arena and I tried the rear doors and found them secure. He suggested wire, which I found in the alley and we both put the wire to work. At last I got a door open, and we went into an area so dark we couldn't see our way. Mr Arena suggested that we wait a moment until our eyes got used to the dark so we did, and pretty soon we saw where we were. We were just beyond an Exit Door at the front of the interior of the theatre, a little north of the stage and screen.

I pushed one-half of this exit door open and saw a whole vast auditorium and balcony full of people. Mr Arena and I moved into the auditorium in front of all of the people in the theatre. This particular exit door was meant to be opened from the inside, and only in case of an emergency. The opening of the door from the outside made a disturbance of light and form, upsetting the womb-like security of the peaceful area, so that our arrival was not only noticed but resented by everybody.

Far back in the auditorium I heard commotion of an usher-like nature, and took off for the Southernmost Aisle. It seemed odd to me, however, that whereas I ran, Mr Arena walked as if he had all day. Running up the Southernmost Aisle I came to a row of seats in which there appeared to be a vacancy about midway. I moved down the row headed for this seat, but when I reached it I discovered that it was occupied by a small child who had fallen asleep.

Over here!

Mr Arena found a seat on the centre aisle and called out. "Over here, Willie!—there's a seat over here." I began to move north, toward Mr Arena's voice, but there in the centre aisle was the usher waiting for me again. When I reached the aisle he took me by the arm and said, "How'd you get in here?"

"Paid a dime."

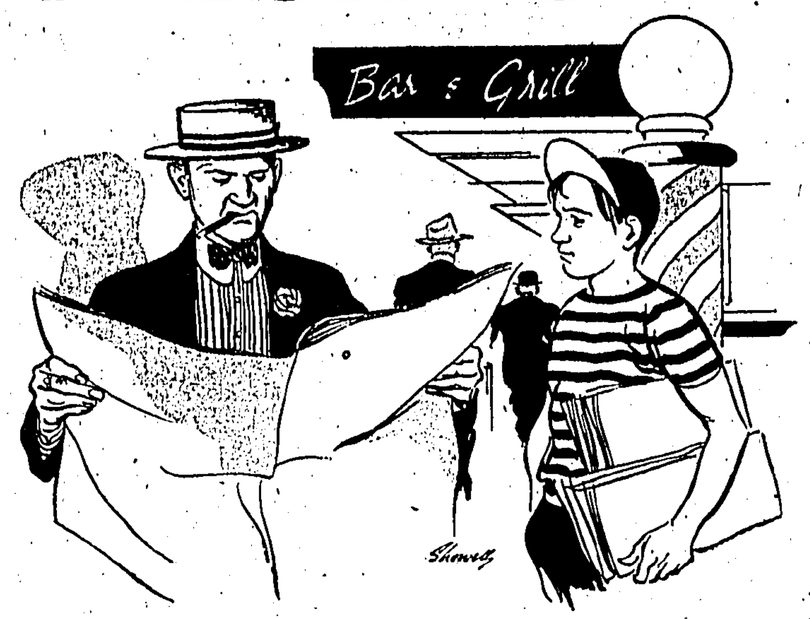
"Where's your stub?"

"Threw it away."

"Come with me."

Now, while all this was going on a lot of stuff was going on the screen, too, and I didn't like not knowing what it was. I knew it was about London, but I did not know what the details were, and now that I was in the theatre—on Opening Day, in spite of great opposition—I was determined to get acquainted with the details. All the same, there I was walking up the uphill, slanted Centre Aisle with the usher holding my left arm in an angry and trembling grip.

"No, no," Mr Arena said as I passed his seat. "Over here."



Mr. Arena stopped at my corner . . . he seemed preoccupied.

This determination on Mr Arena's part for me not to be put out of the theatre impelled me to break away from the usher's grip, and run. At the top of the aisle I came upon six or seven people leaving the theatre. I ricocheted among them expertly, leaving the usher blocked, and compelled by politeness to remain blocked.

In the lobby I skidded to a halt and began to act worldly, as men who have seen half a movie are apt to do—ah, the world, ah, life, how difficult they are to each of us, and yet how well we carry on just the same.

Bought a paper

I found a man and a woman on their way to seats just off the Northernmost Aisle. I joined them, sat beside them, and saw the whole show—on Opening Day, just as I had planned—free.

When I got home that night it was after 10. I placed the day's net profits—entirely intact—in the family money-box, ate supper, turning the pages of the latest issue of The Saturday Evening Post, and went to bed.

After school the following day I sold papers on my corner as usual across the street from the Liberty Theatre. A little after six Mr A. A. Arena stoppd at my corner and bought a paper. He seemed preoccupied with matters of business involving hundreds of tons of grapes and thousands of dollars. I handed him change for a dollar and he said, "I certainly enjoyed that movie, didn't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"It certainly is a beautiful theatre, isn't it?"

"It sure is."

Come on!

Mr Arena went home, and a few minutes later Ara Tutounjian and his cousin, Nish Azadourian, came by on their way home to supper. They invited me to join them in the walk, since I had only one more paper to get rid of. They said they'd wait, and as silly as it seemed to hustle one paper, I hustled it and after a few minutes sold it. We cut across the street to the Liberty Theatre on our way home, and there, standing beside the box-office, was the usher, who wasn't sure he didn't recognise me—but wasn't sure he did, either. But even if he did, what could he do about yesterday? I was very hungry, and I looked forward to a big supper in a matter of ten or fifteen minutes, but when we reached the south exit door, the door swung open and a young man and a young woman left the theatre.

I seized the door and Ara Tutounjian shouted, "Don't do it! You'll get in trouble. They'll send you to Reform School! You'll spend your life in San Quentin!"

"Nish," I said to Ara's cousin, "have you seen the movie?"

"No." Nish said.

"Come on," I said. "I've seen it, but it's all about London, and I'd like to see it again."

So Nish and I went in, and this time we had no trouble at all finding seats. I always was crazy about London, I guess. We found seats all over the theatre, from the first row in the orchestra to the last row in the gallery.

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MAN FROM MARS TAKES THE LONG VIEW

FLYING SAUCERS? JUST SUBURBAN STUFF

by Kenneth Allsop

THE Man from Mars (full address: Lowell Observatory, Mars Hill, Flagstaff, Arizona) sipped his first English cup of tea and said: "Space travel is possible now."

But Dr Albert George Wilson, who has the spectacled sobriety of a bank clerk and who is in fact in the front rank of America's band of young and brilliant scientists — he became director of Lowell two years ago at 35—went on to explain that although we could make that first trip around the planets now, we can't afford the fare.

"Finance is the big barrier to the invasion of space," he told me in his London hotel. "The techniques are now in existence to send men on a journey round the moon and back. But it would cost several billion dollars. So we are not likely to go beyond launching satellites for the next 20 years—after that, manned rockets."

Yet to Dr Wilson, now in Britain to attend an astronomers' congress, the moon and the earth-circling of flying saucers is local and suburban stuff. He takes a longer view—about 40 million miles longer. For Mars is the apple of Dr Wilson's eye.

Although he and his staff of stargazers are preparing for the watching brief they will keep on America's fleets of satellites when they are set spinning, it is Mars, the blood-red outpost of the minor planets, upon which their attention and their batteries of telescopes and cameras are focused.

RICH PERIOD

Especially at this time. For Mars is hurtling full-throttle towards Earth and on September 10 next year will be nearer to us than on any day between 1939 and 1971—a stone's throw of 34 million miles. The past 20 years has been a rich period of advancement in astronomy, and at Lowell many recently perfected electrical devices are at the ready to examine Mars as it has never been examined before. Dr Wilson is hopeful that next September's close-up view will solve many of the mysteries that still cling around it like mist.

Martians? The "forests" with their autumnal tints? The famous "canals"? He laughed. "Well, it was largely Professor Percival Lowell's interest in the 'canals' that led him to establish our observatory. But I don't know anyone today, except for a few strange types, who believes that they are evidence of intelligent life on Mars.

"A current theory is that they are geophysical fault-lines caused by the collision of asteroids*. By next September we may know a lot more about them, because we shall have photographed their fine construction in more detail than ever before."

To this far-seeing Texan and his staff, the science-fiction drama of Mars is of far less importance than the sort of weather they are having up there.

A LABORATORY

"We look upon Mars as a laboratory," he explained. "We know very little about how and why storms form on Earth, but by organised international observation we can get complete coverage of the cloud movements and atmospheric conditions on Mars—and from that collected data we are learning a lot about the Earth's weather."

That is a routine part of Dr Wilson's night-shift duty. But



his long-term task is the study of stellar evolution—"how stars are born, how they grow old, how they die." And he added: "That may sound pretty remote, but the astronomer is still very much an ivory tower guy."

The Man from Mars shook hands and climbed in a hire-car for a 30 mph observational trip around London.

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* *An asteroid is one of a group of small planets revolving in orbits between those of Mars and Jupiter. They are generally invisible to the naked eye.*

YOU NEEDN'T BE A GOOD-LOOKER TO REACH THE TOP

By Amanda Marshall

IN films about the unattractive Cinderella-girl, the heroine often wears glasses for nine-tenths of the picture and never gets anywhere; in the last reel she takes them off and is rewarded with Cary Grant or Gregory Peck. I find the really interesting girls are those who, figuratively speaking, wear their glasses *all* the time and get away with it magnificently.

It probably all starts in the nursery, where the pretty baby gets all the attention and admiration, and the skinny, plain sister develops sharp, observing eyes and sharp intelligent thoughts to match.

Wit and charm

Lacking looks, many remarkable women have been compensated a thousand times by developing wit, ambition, charm, intellect to make up for a badly shaped nose or insignificant eyes. They are the ones who make the focal point at parties, who have friends in all age groups, who develop wisdom in their youth.

Some really extraordinary women, born with Plain Jane faces, create a magic illusion of beauty and overwhelming feminine appeal; how this alchemy is effected is their own secret—but it must be some enchanted combination of charm and belief in themselves — and primarily in wanting to please.

The pretty girl takes admiration for granted, never makes an effort to win it. The plain one studies and learns how to charm. A more difficult subject than differential calculus.

Cleopatra in profile had a nose that could generously be called prominent. George Sand, a lady who charmed, among others, Chopin and the poet Alfred de Musset, was a dominating figure of somewhat masculine appearance and a face that approached the homely—and her salon overflowed with admirers.

Queen Elizabeth I, white-faced, sharp - featured, acid-tongued, received proposals of marriage until a very advanced age and held the devotion of Essex for reasons that are commonly believed to have been not entirely matters of personal ambition.

Unimportant

And Charlotte Bronte, a mousy girl with a bun and hair as straight as the path of duty, lived an inner life that was as fiery as her exterior was uninspiringly uncompromising.

Freckles and short legs, overemphatic teeth and a too-wide waist—there is some sort of magic that will not only conceal and make them unimportant, but obscure them absolutely. But it isn't generally a matter of cosmetics and remedial exercises. It is a reflection of spirit, generosity and sheer self-persuasion. And a slightly crooked gaze can be the most fascinating thing in the world—witness Norma Shearer, Margaret Leighton, Margaret Johnston, and the possessor of what must have been the prettiest squint in history—Mary Queen of Scots.

The greatest illusion of beauty I have ever seen was created by Dame Edith Evans in Daphne Laureola. She wore oyster-coloured satin, but in rags the impression of sheer beauty would have been as strong.

Lovely voice

Her features are irregular and not strongly defined—but by the cultivation of one of the most flexible and lovely voices in the world, and by, some personal faith that projects as strongly either to a whole crowded audience or to a chance acquaintance sitting next to her, belief in her staggering beauty is created and maintained.

Unquestining and absolute, I would put her among the six most fascinating women alive—and be hard put to it to name the other five to be her equals.

Actresses have this particular gift highly developed. Among them, the slight, bird-like Betsy Blair, who in "Marty" created an impression of radiant and heart-breaking prettiness by the expression of her eyes and a sort of warmth that envelops her to greater effect than a heel-to-toe mutation mink.

Dame Sybil Thorndike, who as a girl might have been called impressively powerful but hardly glamorous, has emerged in later life as a kind of grandmother-butterfly, pink and silver and devastating, as much so when she wears a sloppy cardigan and old skirt on stage as when she lunches out in a frivolous hat with a little veil emphasising the sparkle of wit and mischief in the eyes.

Anna Magnani gets away with heavy, Italian-peasant features, ill-proportioned and over emphatic, and a hair style that looks as though a blunt razor had done its damnedest, and through sheer magnetic energy and power convinces an audience that here is beauty on the grand operatic scale.

Knife-edge

French women are experts at this sort of magic, and persuade through beautiful grooming and knife-edge chic.

One particularly manages to fascinate without even benefit of couture—Edith Piaf, the little sparrow, raucous-voiced and no longer young, exerts a pull like an express engine, with no external aids to glamour. A white face, big black eyes, a plain, rusty little black dress—and Piaf singing means sex-appeal entirely irresistible.

Some women get away with it—if they will forgive an over-crude expression—by their own brand of eccentric genius allowed full scope. These are the individualists, the ones that don't give a hoot what anyone thinks, or if they think at all.

High in this list I'd place that magnificent, Gothic, aristocrat Dame Edith Sitwell, pale and blanched as milk but with the vivid kick of a powerful cocktail.

She wears aquamarines as big as pigeons' eggs to emphasise the pallid beauty of her extravagantly long fingers, and wraps herself in the flowing robes and mounting headdresses of a medieval priestess of some miraculous order.

Wit in conversation, penetrating intelligence, a proud regard for great things, and more than a dash of eccentricity, have made her an impressive and instantly recognisable figure. And one that charms.

Enid Starkie, the Oxford don and specialist on Beaudelaire, has much the same fascination. A tiny figure with grey hair and bright blue eyes, she appears to care very little for the accepted idea of what a female don should look like, and is inclined to wear vivid colours, brilliant blue slacks, and bright little berets which sit on the top of her intelligent head like impertinent mushrooms. In academic dress she looks like a witty urchin just about to escape from Sunday school.

Admirers

And her glowing drawing-room is constantly crammed with adoring admirers, there for her Irish wit and buccaneer individuality as much as for her impressive scholarship in French literature.

Plain Janes of the world, don't unite at any cost. All the pretty girls can crowd together, and there won't be a pin to choose between them . . Your strength is in being different. And in believing in yourself.

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The magnificent obsession of Mr. Hoffmann

"THE most difficult thing to destroy in the world, sir, is faith." So says Mr Calvin Hoffmann, and he says it with enormous relish. For this 46-year-old drama critic from New York — he has just returned to the USA — has a mission. When he makes his fifth trip to Britain ("It's almost as good as America") he will have an exhumation order that will, he hopes, start a revolution.

by RICHARD FINDLATER

Shakespeare, England's unofficial patron saint, according to Mr Hoffmann, was:

a SPY,
an ATHEIST,
and, what is more, an M.A. (CANTAB).

Nobody else can claim the credit for the discovery. "Sir, I am the father, the *progenitor* of the entire theory," says Mr Hoffmann, thumping the table. "Many times I've wanted to give it up, I've begged and *prayed* for it to be disproved. But Mrs Hoffmann has said: 'You've got to do it, Calvin. It's your duty to the world.'"

The author of the Works—in the tales of Hoffmann—was born not in Stratford, but in Canterbury. And he wrote most of his plays hidden in a country house near Chislehurst. His name, in fact, was Christopher Marlowe.



THE FRAUD OF AVON

. . . or so Mr. Hoffmann believes.

AT STAKE

Marlowe, Mr Hoffmann explains, did NOT die in 1593. His life was at stake in the Elizabethan witch-hunt because of religious and sexual deviations, and his patron and intimate friend, Francis Walsingham—Mr W. H. of the Sonnets—smuggled him across the Channel.

The man killed in Deptford under Marlowe's name was a stooge, "probably a sailor." The inquest was rigged. And after touring the Continent (where he wrote The Two Gentlemen of Verona) Marlowe was smuggled back to Scadbury Manor, Walsingham's estate at the Chislehurst.

Here he lived in complete secrecy until his death, writing masterpieces. Hamlet, King Lear and the rest were taken by couriers to a rendezvous in London, where a deplorable man from Stratford—"he was incapable of writing those plays, Mr Findlater"—picked them up and passed them off as his own work.

REVELATION

Hoffmann's moment of revelation came in 1936, when he took a working holiday in Long Island to write a verse play. Inspiration ran dry, so he began to read the Elizabethans all over again. When he started on Marlowe, his life was changed.

"I was a great devotee of Shakespeare—that is, the plays ascribed to Shakespeare," says Mr Hoffmann, hurriedly making amends. "I loved every word of that man. And as I read Marlowe, I apprehended the blood relationship, the absolute *consanguinity*.

"One night I had insomnia. As I rolled about in bed one question kept on hammering in my mind." He pauses dramatically, and makes the teacups rattle with his fits. "*Was Marlowe murdered as alleged?*"

That set Hoffman off on a trail which has led him across the world, back into Elizabethan London, and forwards into the limelight of the Press, with a list of more than 1,000 parallels and an unshakable faith that he is the only man in step.

He can prove his theory from the plays alone ("Read the works of Marlowe, Sir, with a percipient eye . . .") But it would be nice to have the original manuscripts as a double-check.

IN TIME

Mr Hoffmann is not upset that I, in common with the credulous majority of the human race, am still deceived by "the Fraud of Avon," as he calls William Shakespeare. In time, he suggests we will see the light and make the pilgrimage to Chislehurst (he holds no brief for Canterbury).

But two things, it seems, make this gentle-mannered crusader hopping mad. One is Stratford, whose cataclysmic ruin—when his theory is proved—he contemplates with grim satisfaction. He has never actually been there but he has no desire to go, "knowing what a gigantic sham it all is."

Stratford Corporation invited him down, apparently without ulterior motive, but Mr Hoffmann could not make it.

MISPLACED

The other thing that raises Mr Hoffmann's blood pressure is the misplaced zeal of his rival anti-Stratfordians, who believe that only a peer of the realm—Bacon, Derby, Rutland, or Oxford—could have written the works. (Marlowe was a shoemaker's son, and Hoffmann is not really ashamed of it.)

"I have seen an otherwise intelligent man, Sir, reduced to the level of a moron by this Baconian theory," he says, disgustedly. But there is nothing moronic about Mr Hoffmann's magnificent obsession. It is the most convincing alternative to Shakespeare I have ever heard. And I am sure he will continue to sound it, loud and clear, whatever happens in the tombs of the Walshinghams.

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Were the little Princes murdered?

Mystery In The Tower

One of the World's Strangest Stories, told by MAURICE WILLIAMS

"The tyrannous and bloody act is done,
The most arch deed of piteous massacre
That ever yet this land was guilty of . . ."

IT was already dark when the three riders swept into London: the staccato beat of horses' hooves rose to an urgent crescendo as they clattered through the narrow streets of the city and reined their panting horses under the shadow of the Tower.

They had ridden hard all through that August day in 1483 on the urgent mission of King Richard III and for their leader, Sir James Tyrell, the sooner that mission was accomplished the better.

In his saddlebag was a warrant giving him sole charge of the Tower for the night.

The Constable, Sir John Brackenbury, who had been forewarned by a messenger of the King's intention, surrendered the keys and passwords of the fortress and retired to his quarters with a heavy heart. Two of his prisoners, the ailing Henry VI and the Duke of Clarence, were already dead, murdered, it was said, at Richard's behest.

A bubble

Peacefully asleep in the Royal apartments at the Tower lay the rightful heir to the throne, 12-year-old Edward V, and his younger brother Richard, lodged there since the proclamation declaring them illegitimate, which had paved Richard's way to the succession.

While they lived Richard knew his power was little more than a bubble, liable to be pricked at the first popular uprising. Already murmurings of discontent could be heard above the tumult heralding his coronation, said to have been the costliest and most magnificent in living memory.

Soon after midnight the three men reached the Gatehouse at the entrance to the Royal apartments. Tyrell directed the other two—John Dighton, a "flesh-bred murderer," and Miles Forrest, his own horsekeeper, a stocky, square-jawed rogue—to the rooms where the princes lay. Their instructions were clear: to smother the children with pillows and to leave no blood.

In a few minutes they returned and signalled to Tyrell, who entered the chamber by a private staircase. Having satisfied himself everything had been done as directed he ordered a priest to remove the bodies. Dighton and Forrest helped dig the hole near the wall of the Wakefield Tower where the bodies were thrown, covered deep with earth and stones. Tyrell then rode on post haste to inform the King.

No one knew

But Richard, although relieved at the liquidation of the princes, showed scruple enough to order that the bodies be buried "in some more decent place." The priest obeyed, but no one knew where he laid them, for he died soon after.

Rumours of the assassination spread quickly through the land, shocking people even in an age where treachery and murder were familiar expedients in the art of kingship.

Of the many atrocities committed in his name, it was this cold-blooded act which rallied popular opinion against the King. Within two years Henry, Duke of Richmond, landed from exile with a small force soon swollen by a host of volunteers. Richard's friends hung back, his troops fought half-heartedly and he was defeated and slain at Bosworth on August 22, 1485.

Good reasons

Within six years the new king, Henry VII, had compelling reasons for proving that the princes had met their end as everyone believed. In 1491 a youth named Perkin Warbeck landed at Cork with a small army. His claim to be the young Richard who had escaped from the Tower and fled to Flanders brought many supporters among the Yorkist element there. He moved to Scotland where he was greeted with open arms by James IV, who even contracted him in marriage to a kinswoman. But Warbeck's attempts to establish himself in England were abortive, in spite of local risings on his behalf.

He was captured and paraded in mock triumph before being hanged at Tyburn in November, 1499, having first made an open confession of his imposture.

The implications of the Warbeck affair were not lost on Henry, who had meanwhile ordered a search for the remains of the dead princes.

Of the original conspirators, Tyrell and Dighton were still alive; both claimed justifiably that they were not present when the bodies were reinterred. The nearby graveyard of St Peter's was combined for traces and search went on inside the church without any success.

Many crimes

Hence historians to this day have thrown doubt on Richard's part in the double murder. Some maintain both princes were alive when Richard died on Bosworth Field and were, in fact, murdered in one of the many purges carried out by King Henry VII.

They point out that after Bosworth Henry accused Richard of many crimes, but not until 1486 was he publicly charged with murder of his nephews.

Moreover, Brackenbury, who is said to have indignantly refused Richard's order to kill his young charges still enjoyed the King's favour and died fighting on his side at Bosworth.

More evidence that one of the princes was alive after 1483 is found in Cooper's *"Annals of Cambridge,"* in which an item in the treasurer's accounts of a state visit to the town in 1484 lists rewards to the minstrels of the Duke of York, 6s. 8.

There was no other Duke of York, Richard's only son John having died. The annals also record that the Duke of York was travelling in state with his uncle eight months after his supposed death.

In a warrent dated March 9, 1485, a tailor is authorised to supply various items of clothing to "the lord bastarde," Prince Edward was both a lord, and illegitimate, according to Richard's proclamation.

But in the opinion of a contemporary French chronicler, Philippe de Commines, "Richard fist mourir ses deux nepheux et se fist roy apelle Richard III" (Richard killed his two nephews and called himself King Richard III).

Richard to blame

Also, Dominici Mancini, an Italian priest who was living in England at the time, declared in his reminiscences (first published in England in 1936) that the princes were put to death at Richard's instigation. Sir Thomas More, writing 25 years later, also believed Richard to be responsible, as did Stow and later historians, including Bacon. In Shakespeare's day the Garden Tower, scene of the crime, had come to be known as the Bloody Tower.

Further proof of Richard's guilt appeared in a confession Tyrell made before being executed for treason. Within a short time Dighton, too, was hanged. Before he died he, too, admitted his share in the murder, and described where the bodies were hidden before their removal by the priest.

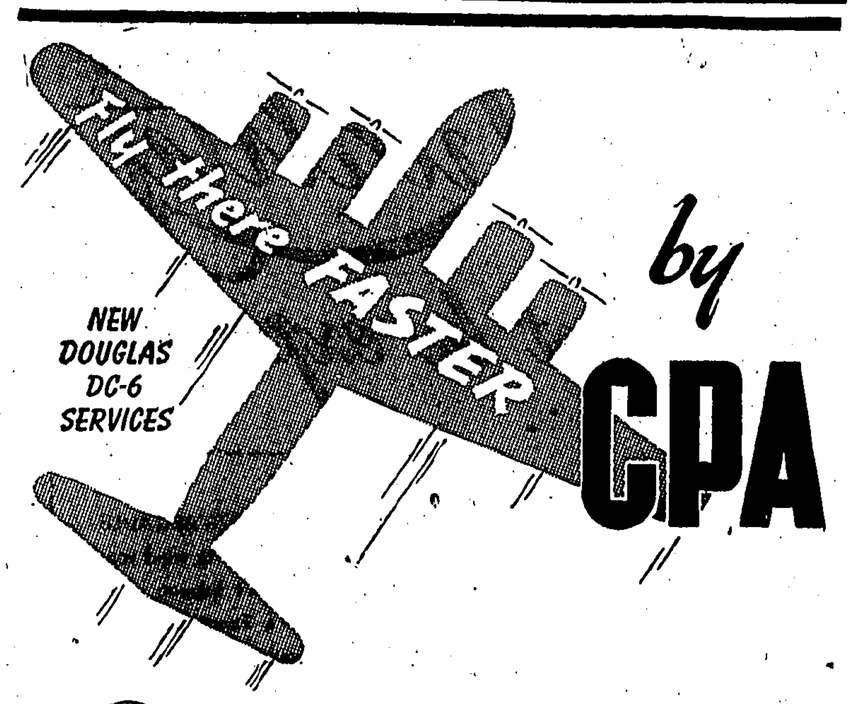
The remains

Two hundred years after, workmen building a new staircase into the Royal chapel found under the old stone steps of the Tower keep, the bones of two boys which corresponded in every detail to those of the ill-fated princes.

As recently as 1933 the skeletons were exhumed and subjected to minute analysis by Professor Wright and Lawrence Tanner, working independently, whose findings established beyond all doubt that the bones were those of the princes and they were already dead months before Henry VII seized the throne.

After the discovery of the bodies they were transferred to the Royal sepulchre in Westminster Abbey, by order of the reigning monarch, Charles II, where they now lie in the great chapel built by Henry VII, their relics a memorial to one of the bloodiest epochs in the history of England.

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JOHNNY HAZARD — By Frank Robbins



...this situation calls for a San Miguel

WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

In their autumn-winter collections most London couturiers have designed a line meant to give that long-legged look. But they also remember the smaller person who is the least bit hippy.

The Tall Woman Will Love This Line

By BETTY WILSON

MADE for the tall girl—that will be the overall verdict in the London winter fashion shows which reveal a line meant to give that long-legged look.

The tall woman will love it. She will be able to wear the new tunics, which are drain-pipe straight and beltless. She will want to wear **Michael's** Schnitzler Line, which describes a series of ironed-out, figure-moulding curves, or **John Cavanagh's** Swoop, with waist topping a long-moulded torso line that plunges from just beneath a high bustline in front, but swoops down into a low waist level behind.

She will applaud **Lachasse**, who, showing the courage of his convictions, has introduced a group of tunic-topped suits and tunic-like topcoats inspired by the sweep of a comet (the heavenly body, not the aeroplane). These recall the Empire Line.

In fact, I predict that the tall woman will love all these new lines and, if she is reed-slim, should be able to wear them all too. There just isn't any room for a superfluous ounce here.

But London designers have remembered the other cash customers as well. That is, the woman who is less than 5ft. 6in. tall, curved, and maybe just the least bit hippy. For her they have created easy-fitting, casual suits and dresses with waists pin-pointed where Nature meant them to be. The woman with that kind of shape will get that swooping, long-legged look from the way designers handle skirt treatments, which tend to give the backwards sweep of a butterfly's wings.

Big Variety

Actually there's a little bit of everything in these new collections—tunic dresses and suit jackets that follow the line of the body and curve out over the hips; easy-fitting jackets clinging to the hips; jumper tops; dresses with high-placed Empire bust-lines that differ from Josephine's because they curve in from there instead of falling straight; dresses with no waistlines to speak of; topcoats built like a tube or shaped like a chrysalis; topcoats with a little swing put in from shoulder-blade level; and redingotes.

The collections also reveal a new kind of subdued elegance. This is extremely pleasing and, I think, it is the kind of thing overseas buyers hope to find in the London collections. They will certainly have it in full measure this winter.

Colours are muted, with black threads introduced into many weaves so that even the more vivid clothes have a rich 'blackened' look. These subdued tones are matched by subdued surface interest. Incidentally, I have never seen so many 'quality' wools.

Smooth-surfaced faceclothes are used for sleek town suits which have not a scrap of fussy trimming about them. Striped suitings—glowing with a subdued richness—introduce muted tones of cognac with black, eucalyptus-green with charcoal-grey; and deeply-glowing garnet with tobacco-brown.

The new browns and dark charcoals make up the winter's basic colours. Next come the sombre greens, including eucalyptus, sage and a sober dark grey-green—the colour of Kipling's grey-green, greasy Limpopo River.

Tweeds, flecked with bright colours, are flatter in weave and have a far smoother finish. Like the new brushed surface coatings and smooth faceclothtype suitings, these tweeds are often allied with Persian lamb (from South West Africa), which is the London couture's favourite fur for winter.

Evening Splendour

For the evening, however, couturiers have thrown discretion to the winds. **Digby Morton's** collection blossomed from the tube-like chrysalis line into butterfly splendour. **Norman Hartnell**, in a collection which puts emphasis on gowns meant for Buckingham Palace occasions, has made an evening coat from violet and fuchsia-coloured tweed and cross-barred the bold plaid design with matching sequins, or—again the Hartnell tradition—stitched thousands of tiny star-shaped jet sequins on a fitting jacket made of vivid citron-yellow faceclothi.

Digby Morton has presented the most sensational new casuals in London in the form of hand-knitted designs from Eire's Isle of Aran. The island knitters have collaborated by applying traditional stitches to the new long look.

Wisely, he has used the traditional unbleached coarse wool too. He showed a straight jacket knitted in bold alternate stripes of diamond pattern and cable stitch with a plain oatmeal-coloured tweed skirt, a beautifully casual straight dress in the same pattern, and put a cardigan-type jacket knitted in cable stitch and outsize blackberry stitch over another dead straight tweed dress.

Suits with curved lines (and often with curved martingale belts introducing a lowered hipline at the back) appeared in Irish tweeds, wool hopsack or men's suiting. Suit fabrics include an Irish tweed in holly leaf-green just speckled with berry-red, a silky-surfaced striped faceclothi (sable-brown on black), and a speckled brown and gorse-gold tweed.

Digby Morton has also included wool for evening—a slender, supple cream Irish tweed dress with decollete neckline twisted through with gold lame.

Two of **Michael's** most striking models were capes. (This, incidentally, is something London has not seen for a long time.) One was a double cape made in a bold green and black checked wool and worn over a suit in a new dark-grey waffle-weave wool, with lapels turned up to make a frame inside the cape collar.

A wonderful topcoat in Limpopo-green wool with a frosted finish had two big pockets put on the back of the coat. It was teamed with a seamed dress made of parchment-coloured wool with a diagonal weave. A raspberry and dark-green plaid wool dress had two rows of dark-green velvet slotted through low down on the hips out—in a collection which showed a dual waist control—Michael also included a very slim dress made in a sensational black, white and red houndstooth tweed with a narrow belt just at normal waist-level.

When a silhouette flares out at the hem, or, if the hem is straight, then burgeons out into an important cape collar up top, then that's the **Charles Creed** Mushroom Line. His narrow coats nearly all have these big cape collars and some are detachable—a trick that other designers are doing this winter.

He divides the wools he uses for suits and topcoats into two kinds. One (the suit or jacket dress kind) he calls 'Paddock' because this wool seems shaved quite flat. The other is as deep as a koala bear's fur; this is used for slim-stalked coats in deep soft colours. The colour for winter here is brown—coffee bean-brown or a true conker colour—and is nearly always splashed with a touch of vivid red or pink.

Dual Waist Control

The Hardy Amies line is as simple as the jumper line, but it is handled so skilfully that these apparently simple suits are different. For instance, he uses harsh-surfaced tweeds. Nothing could be more sophisticated than a black Scottish tweed used to make a suit with an important self-fringe-edged collar which is actually a detachable pelerine.

Wide flat belts emphasise the hipline. So do flat bands which are curved or twisted to give that look of effortless difference.

Again, the muted colours make their bow for winter. Even red and black are toned down to such a degree that a straight, beaver-collared topcoat and matching suit made of red and black tweed have an all-over dark prune-coloured effect instead. These darkened colours in tweeds are new and Mr Amies uses them all—black and green, black and brown and black and red.

Ronald Paterson's Step line is another version of the dual waist control. This gives the two-level waistline: higher than the normal waistline in front and below the normal waistline at the back. In fact Ronald Paterson occasionally drops the stepped waistline even lower. For example, he shows a couple of numbers which are finished off with martingale belts right under the derriere.

New British jerseys suggest tweed in texture and are lavishly used by Paterson for topcoats and dresses. Another topcoat made of petunia-purple wool has a band making a yoke effect which ties with bows on the shoulders. Actually there are quite a lot of bows in this collection. Other bows perch on the shoulder seams of a fleecy baby-blue wool coat as if holding a cluster of sprats heads worked boldly below the shoulder points.

"Thunder Colours"

Victor Stiebel's Bas Relief line is straight, slim and flat behind and moulded to the figure in front. Loosely-cut jackets iron out the bust and are built rather like middy blouses since they are finished off with bands round the bottom. These jackets reach hip level and are worn with narrow skirts.

Tapered topcoats, often trimmed with important fur collars, are worn over little suits like these and here—as in other collections—one is inclined to see buttons covered with the same wool fabric, rather than in a contrast material.

Stiebel calls his sombre colour range 'thunder colours', and that's what they are, with an occasional lightning flash of ember-red, orange-flame or Indian-pink.

Day dresses conform to the formula which this designer thinks English women want. They are both full-skirted and body-fitting. Fabrics here include fine printed wools and soft and supple faceclothi.

The Queen's dressmaker, Norman Hartnell doesn't bother to search for a name to describe his new silhouette. This is a body-moulding line, with high-placed bust, sleek moulded midriff and hips, and skirts which flare from the hipline. There's a touch of the Empire line too, and of a pipe stem-straight line.

At this house the trend towards green is summed up with greens which come straight out of the herb garden—mint, sage and thyme. There's a bottle-green too.

Following the moulded Hartnell line, suit jackets are longer and cut to streamline the body. There are lots of coat and dress teams and Mr Hartnell uses some wonderful wools for these, including tweed, heavy wool ottoman and plushy-surfaced wool coatings. Channel seaming is often used most effectively.

Bursts of colour sometimes break the procession of muted greens, soft browns and charcoals. In this category, there's an enlivening wrist-length jacket, with rounded swing-back, which is made in startlingly bright Indian-pink wool, lined with black seal and worn over one of this designer's most sophisticated black faceclothi suits. A pink wool bow perches on the jacket hip.

Charleston Coats

At **Matli's** it's the 1920 look models having 'plenty of zip, and sharp, racy simplicity.'

Many suit jackets touch the hipbone, curve closely into the figure and are cut to give a high-bosomed line. These—together with jackets belted at the waist—make up his group of 'St Louis suits', which are matched by 'Charleston coats'; three-eighths, five-eighths or seven-eighths in length. These taper in from big shawl collars and there is a sensational Charleston coat made of sapphire-dyed South West African Persian lamb.

Another luxurious coat, built on the same chrysalis lines, is made in peat-brown wool lined with mink. It is worn over a very slender tweed dress which introduces a daisy-like weave in tones of brown and white. Also in the luxury class—a tapering coat made of very smooth faceclothi in a soft mignonette-green. This has a big shawl collar made of smokey-silver Persian lamb.

Michael Sherard (Flamenco line) introduces the dramatic skirt which flares from knees or lower hip. Here skirts are much longer because this designer has a personal preference for long skirts. This fancy, plus the long, seamed, beltless line streamlines the models almost to vanishing point.

An effect of great luxury is given by the use of pale wools. More formal suits are shown in superb British wool brocades.

Wool lace—which lots of designers are using this season—is shown in a fitting cocktail dress with flamenco hem-line. This is all dusky black except for a swathe of aquamarine-blue satin, which is draped in an X-line beneath the lace and emerges in a big bow low on the left hip.

Comet Line

For the Comet line (a 1955 suggestion of the high-waisted Empire look) at **Lachasse**, suits are sleek and smooth, with high, but effaced, revers (there are no blouses in this collection), narrower and higher shoulders, and narrower, set-in sleeves. For these Mr Owen (designer for Lachasse) uses superb British woots—navy-blue corded wool, dark-grey worsted, lobelia-blue faceclothi, and smoother-surfaced tweeds in those two-tone mixture weaves which suggest an all-over rich monotone. (Among these are many chevlots).

Topcoats, like suits, show planning in button grouping. This complements intricate cutting and here, again, coats sometimes introduce a startling splash of colour such as chicken-yellow (this is used for a faceclothi jacket with beaver slotted through the big collar), Guardsman-red, or (and it's just as dramatic) snow-white.

John Cavanagh has created one of the easiest-to-wear lines in the London collections—maybe because the waist is always indicated, even if only by a curve. It is smooth and flowing, unbroken by a single belt or buckle.

Bronze Theme

A dominant theme is bronze—bronze accessories, bronze furs, bronze wools. The mannequins even wear their fingernails lacquered bronze and brush bronze highlights into their hair.

Sometimes the tunic line is introduced in contour-following dresses which are seamed into the figure. Suit jackets also follow the body line and are shown with slim skirts or, occasionally, with skirts which have a gentle flare.

A backwards-sweeping line, which **Worth** has called the Fantail line, gives a look of long-legged grace to the collection.

Black and brown are the two basic colours here and they are often mixed together, either in tweed mixtures or by using black braid on brown wool cloths. Black braided frogs and black braid edging give a new elegance to town suits, and there are several two-pieces which combine a long, fitting jacket with a slender dress introducing the fantail movement at the back. One of the most interesting new wools in these collections—a wool with a brown background mottled with black like a bird's egg—is used for an ensemble like this.



Evening Coat In Checked Tweed



An evening coat in rich shaded blue, red and purple tweed in bold check design cut on classic lines and embroidered with sequins and tiny glass beads. By Norman Hartnell.

WOMAN INVENTOR WHO HAS 85 PATENTS

Wants To Invent Endless Thread

New York.

WHATEVER someone needs, Beulah invents.

"Beulah" is Miss Beulah Henry, known to her associates as "the lady Edison."

Forty-four years and 85 patents ago, the creative Miss Henry descended on the Big Town with a thick southern accent — she is from North Carolina — and one of her inventions — a snap-on umbrella frame.

New York took to both in a big way, and since that time, Miss Henry has devoted her career to making life easier for the world in general.

Nicholas Manoilovich, her business partner, says — "Just tell Beulah about a problem, and she'll solve it."

Miss Henry figured out how to make the life of a sewing machine operator easier by inventing a bobbin-less lock-stitch sewing machine.

★

She added considerable cheer to the day of the drugstore counterman by inventing a unit that has storage for both piping hot and ice-cold foods. She produced a toy cow which moos and gives milk, a mannequin that talks, and typewriter key-caps to spare the nails of secretaries.

But this, she said, has been child's play compared with her newest invention—ribbon copies. This, she explained, is a typewriter attachment which produces four copies of an original letter, without use of carbon paper.

"It'll save the working girl time, and the mess of carbons," said its inventor happily.

"My ambition is to make life easier for everyone," she said, with the drawl which is still with her. She figures the ribbon copies will come as close as anything yet, including her own hair curler, and a new type of tin opener.

Miss Henry, who resembles Mae West, is lacking both formal engineering or technical training. She explained that she gets the idea, and her partner makes the idea a reality.

"Been inventing since I was nine years old," she said.

The lady inventor generally keeps a couple of ideas ahead. She's working on one right now.

Beulah Henry says, with a far-away look in her eyes—

"I'm going to invent an endless thread."—United Press.

She Takes Paris Fashions To Kikuyu Housewives

THE Kikuyu women are going all fashion-conscious. Instead of Mau Mau oaths, the talk now among the women in the Kenya villages is of creations by Dior, Givenchy, and Balmain.

Several of them asked 24-year-old blonde Mrs Phina Simance before she left for London: "Tell us what they're wearing in Paris this season." And that is what she is going to do.

Phina—short for Josephine—is the wife of the District Officer for Fort Hall, in Mau Mau country 50 miles north of Nairobi. She is also the local Community Development Officer.

● ●

In London recently she told of her 55 women's clubs, part of the "Maendeleo ya Wanawake" (Women's Progress Movement), which are modelled on British Women's Institutes.

She teaches the Kikuyu housewives homecraft, cooking, hygiene, and sewing.

And they are learning the sewing and the fashions so fast they have to be persuaded to go slow —their husbands object they're not doing enough work in the fields.

"A few years ago the women wore one-piece cotton garments and nothing else," Mrs Simance said. "Now they dress like Europeans, except that they like much brighter colours and lots of embroidery.



Phina — the Fashion Queen of Kenya.

"I've promised them I'll bring back the latest fashion magazines so they can copy the styles."

Mrs Simance forms a women's club by driving into the Kikuyu reserve with a two-man armed escort—she's a good rifle shot, but she doesn't carry a gun—and summoning the villagers to a "baraza" (meeting).

● ●

"Once I've explained the idea to them in Swahili, I find the women only too anxious to join. I like them, and I find they like me," she said.

Danger? "I suppose there might be, but I've never had any trouble in two years. The only thing the women don't like is paying the two-shilling-a-year subscription."—(London Express Service).



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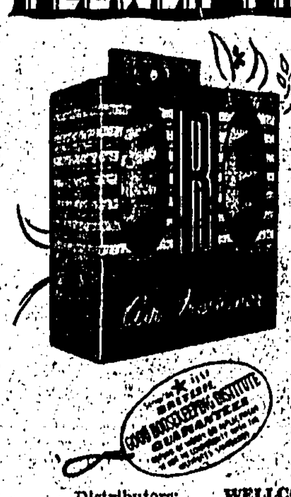
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LORD TALBOT, British Minister to Laos, was one of the distinguished passengers who came to Hongkong this week on the inaugural flight of Air Laos from Ventiane. He is seen above (left) with Mr P. C. F. Dalton, Political Adviser to the Hongkong Government. Right: The two attractive Air Laos flight hostesses—Miles Nicole Domergue and Vilawan Sithiwonga. (Staff Photographer)



BELOW: Lt.-Gen. Bruce C. Clarke, Commander of United States Forces in the Pacific, talking to pressmen at Kai Tak. The General arrived on Monday for a two-day visit. (Staff Photographer)



HAPPY group on the steps of St John's Cathedral. Occasion was the wedding of Mr David Jaques and Miss Rona Keown. (Staff Photographer)



THE Hon. M. W. Turner, Mrs Turner and their son Michael snapped at the Jaques-Keown wedding at St John's Cathedral last Saturday. Mrs Turner and children left for England by air this week. Mr Turner will join them later this month. (Staff Photographer)



MR Ralph H. Hunt, who has been in charge of economic affairs at the U.S. Consulate-General here, left last Saturday for home on reassignment. Picture taken at Kai Tak shows him saying goodbye to Mr U Tat-chee. In centre is Mr C. L. Hsu. (Staff Photographer)



PETER HOLMES, son of Mr and Mrs D. R. Holmes, and his young friends who helped him to celebrate his sixth birthday on Monday. (Mayfair)

BELOW: Friends of Brian Stone (second from right, middle row) snapped at his birthday party last week. Brian is the son of Mr and Mrs L. B. Stone and has been spending his vacation in Hongkong with his parents. (Staff Photographer)





MR J. A. Ozorio, Kowloon Boy Scouts Commissioner, showing the Hon. C. E. M. Terry around the exhibition of work at Boy Scouts Headquarters, Chatham Road. The exhibition formed part of Scout Week activities. (Staff Photographer)



GENERAL Carlos P. Romulo, famed Philippines chief delegate to the United Nations, snapped on his arrival at Kai Tak last Sunday. The General was returning to Manila from the United States. (Staff Photographer)



THE flag of the 10th Kowloon (St George's School) Scout Troop, which was dedicated at a service held at St Andrew's Church last Sunday. Left to right: Telford Plenderleith, T. Whichello and I. MacInnes. (Staff Photographer)

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PLANS for a nine-storey extension to the main block of the Tung Wah Hospital have been drawn up. In above picture, they are being shown to the Hon. A. G. Clarke, Financial Secretary, during his official visit to the Hospital. (Staff Photographer)







MRS F. I. Tseung distributing prizes at the conclusion of the St John Ambulance Brigade annual swimming sports at the Chung Shing Benevolent Association pavilion, Kennedy Town. (Staff Photographer)





LEFT: Sgt Steane, SQMS Hornby and Cpl Sankey, who formed the Hongkong Signals Regiment team that won the Hongkong and Kowloon Garrison motor-cycling championship at Saikung on Wednesday. (Staff Photographer)

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BELOW: Committee members of the Kowloon Tong Garden City Association. Seated: Messrs M. S. Chan, C. T. Choy, C. L. Tam (Chairman), Tsang Yu-hwa, Peter H. Sin. Standing: Messrs J. S. Liang, H. K. Chan, K. S. Ling, James Hsu, James Wang, Dr S. L. Lee, Y. K. Luk, H. B. Wong, G. D. Su.





DISTRIBUTION of prizes at the Royal Hongkong Golf Club, Deep Water Bay. Above: Young Bill Gray, who won the senior children's golf championship, has his picture taken with his trophies and his parents, Mr and Mrs W. N. Gray. Left, top: Mr E.M. Wiseley, who won the American Cup, receives the trophy from Mrs J. R. Collis. Left, bottom: Mr and Mrs F. C. B. Black receiving their prize for the Mixed Foursome. (Staff Photographer)



BOY Scouts form a guard of honour for His Excellency the Governor and Lady Grantham on their arrival at the Catholic Centre for the tenth anniversary party. With them is the Roman Catholic Bishop of Hongkong, Monsignor Lawrence Bianchi. (Ming Yuen)

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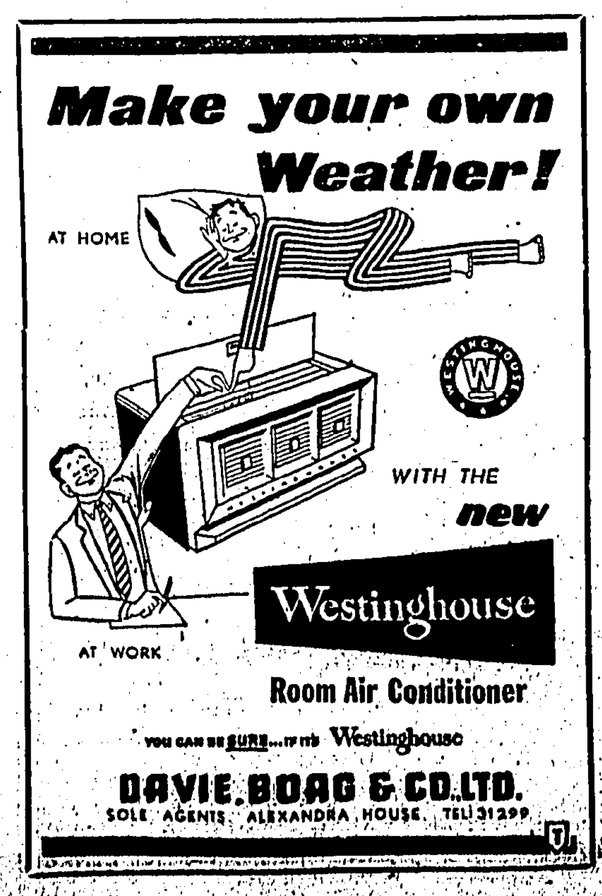
LEFT: Victor Ludorum at the Prisons Department annual sports last Saturday, Loung Shiu-wing receives a prize from Mrs G.R. Pickett, wife of the Acting Commissioner of Prisons. (Staff Photographer)

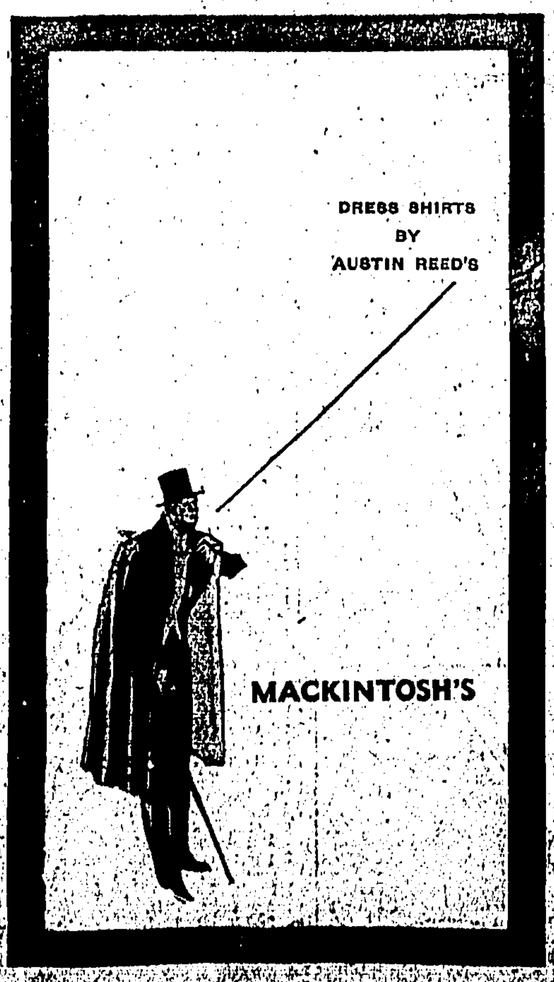
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BELOW: Miss I. Wallace - Turner, Senior Physiotherapist of the Medical Department, feted at a farewell party given by her colleagues. She is leaving the Colony shortly. (Staff Photographer)



GROUP picture taken at the Kowloon Union Church last Sunday when the christening took place of Sheila Ann Wood, daughter of Mr and Mrs A. E. Wood. (Willie's)





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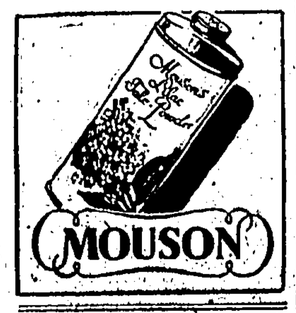


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Rip down the walls, tear out the doors

By ANNE SCOTT-JAMES

London.

MY idea of a home is a well-furnished egg-box. A house with lots of separate compartments where the various members of a household can brew their private mischiefs without annoying the rest.

This week I met a young couple whose home is planned on the plumb-opposite principle—as few rooms, walls, doors as possible. And they've done it so well that they nearly converted me to "Open Plan Living."

Terence Conran is already one of our most successful industrial designers. At the age of 23 he has a finger in all sorts of business and artistic pies from Belgravia to Stoke-on-Trent.

'I Can Talk As I Cook'

He and his pretty, pony-tailed wife, Shirley, have just moved into the top floors of an old terraced house and have turned them into one of the most original flats in London.

The living part, the dining part, and the kitchen are all in one room.

Where, before, there were two little rooms and a kitchen and hall, with interior walls and four doors, an exposed water tank and yards of wriggling pipes, there is now one spacious, airy room about 30ft. by 20.

"It looks delicious," I said to them, "but apart from that, what are the advantages?" (I wasn't feeling disloyal to my egg-box yet.)

"Much nicer for *me*," said Shirley, "because I can talk to people while I cook.

"I don't have to dash in and out of the kitchen burning the toast or missing the jokes. I'm in on the conversation all the time. And it saves a *great* deal of walking about — perhaps half-a-mile to a mile a week."

"I like the feeling of space," said Terence, "I loathe to be cramped. I like the light and air from a window at each end of the room, which is rare in a terraced house. And I like the way the objects in the room show up with plenty of space round them. Plants, lamps, china become good shapes, not just pieces of clutter."

"And it's wonderful for any sort of party," said Shirley.

"At dinner, I just hand the dishes and plates over to Terence. And at our wedding party here, we had none of the trouble you get at most stand-up parties—one overcrowded room and one half-empty one with a traffic jam between the two."

Separate—It's A Feeling

I started to look at the room in more detail.

I realised that although there are no walls the Conrans have devised it so that there is a feeling of separation.



SHE'S in the dining-room. HE'S in the kitchen. All that divides Terence and Shirley Conran is a specially built serving unit made of African walnut and steel. Laying the table, serving a meal or clearing away takes a matter of minutes.

THE LIVING SPACE has one L-shaped end to itself, has curtains and a rug, while the dining space has blinds and polished floors.

THE DINING SPACE is divided from the kitchen by a really brilliant piece of furniture: a sort of open dresser accessible from either side.

"I do want you to see," said Terence, "that the style of the room isn't outrageously modern." I think a lot of what's called contemporary furniture looks anæmic and bare.

"The kitchen isn't the clinical sort—we've tiled one wall, but one is of pine boarding, and nothing could be more ordinary than our wooden plate rack.

"The fittings aren't metallic. We like a *foody* feeling . . . copper saucepans, wooden bowls, mugs, jars, old glass.

"And the pictures and furniture are old and new mixed up." (I noticed how well an old wooden rocking chair fitted in near a circular basket chair designed by Conran which has become quite famous in the past year.)

So Clean—And Easy

"What about cost?" I asked. "Is this an expensive thing to do?"

They told me it was a great economy. Terence Conran thinks the cost of building a small new house on this plan could be lowered by as much as £400 or £500 through the saving on walls and doors.

There is also less to re-decorate and maintain.

His wife says it is unbelievably easy to keep clean.

"It also *looks* so clean," she said, "that there's every incentive to keep it so." Subtle but true, I thought. What a heart-break it must be trying to wash and polish a place which is basically dingy.

Then I dropped some ugly questions.

"Do you cook with garlic and onions," I said, "and if so, doesn't the whole room reek of them?"

"Not in the summer with the open windows," Terence said. "If we notice it in the winter, I shall just design an extractor fan."

"What about children?" I said. "I can see this is fine for young couples who want to be together a lot. But wouldn't it be murderous with tots crawling round the floor?"

"Look," he said, "this room isn't *the whole house*. It's the living part of a house, and there would be bedrooms and a nursery, if wanted, as well. But I think this would be a good room for a mother, anyway. She could do all the housework with the children under her eye."

All For Space

"And what about older people?" I asked. "You and your wife won't always want to do exactly the same thing at the same time.

"What will happen when you want to work and she wants the gramophone? Or when you want to telephone New York while the children want to play animal grab?"

He admitted that this would be difficult. "I don't think older people could suddenly take to this plan," he said. "But once you've started this way you'd never want to change.

"For we both believe there's no substitute for space."

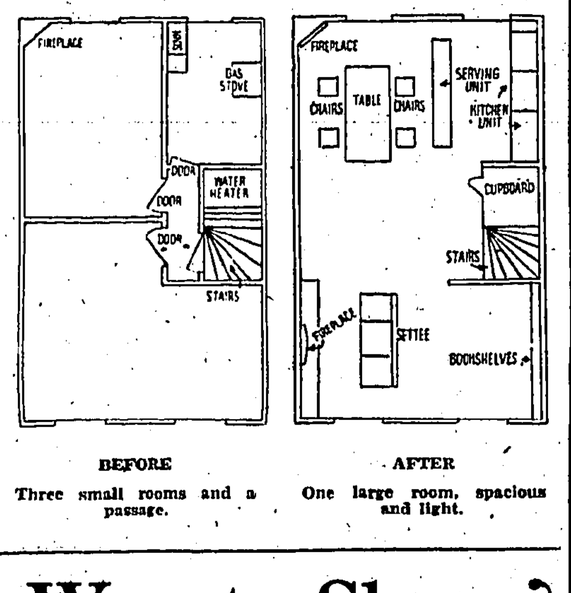
I went home with the seeds of doubt about the egg-box planted firmly in my mind. There certainly seemed a lot of leg-room in that home.

When I got home my son was playing with his chemistry set and my husband was winding his fishing lines on to the reels, a noise as screechy to the sensitive ear as a dentist's drill.

I made a grateful bee-line for my own compartment.



Shirley Conran in the living end of the three-in-one room. Everywhere, old furnishings are mixed with new. Walls are white emulsion paint with one orange panel. Floors are black and white plastic tiles (in the kitchen), birch plywood squares elsewhere, which the Conrans laid themselves.



BEFORE
Three small rooms and a passage.

AFTER
One large room, spacious and light.

Knit While You Relax



Materials: 1 oz. Lavenda Double Knitting shade 25. 1 oz. Lavenda 2 ply shade 403. 60 yds. Gold Thread. Pair No. 6 needles.

Measurements: To fit an average head.

Tension: 4 sts. and 5 rows equal one inch.

Abbreviations: K.—Knit; P.—Purl; Sts.—Stitches; Tog.—Together; St.st.—Stocking st., which is the smooth side of one row knit one row purl; K2IN.—Knit twice into st., i.e. into front and then into back of st.; Sl.K2tog.PO.—Slip a stitch, knit 2 together, and pass slipped st. over; D.K.—Double Knitting.

Using No. 6 needles and D.K., 2 ply and Gold Thread, cast on 80 sts. and work 2 rows in K1, P1 rib.

1st row: Knit.
2nd row: Purl.
3rd row: K25, P30, K25.
4th row: P25, K30, P25.

Repeat last 4 rows four times more, and 1st and 2nd rows three times more.

Next row: * Sl.K2tog.PO, repeat from * until all sts. are worked off.

TOP PIECE

Using No. 6 needles and D.K., 2 ply and Gold Thread, cast on 12 sts., and knit one row.

Then working in st.st. (1st row—purl) K2IN, at beginning of every row until 18 sts. are on needle.

Work 2 ins. on these 18 sts.

Now K2tog. at beginning of every row until 12 sts. remain.

Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Sew back seam to within 1½ ins. of lower edge, then fit top piece in neatly. Press all seams.

What is the Best Way to Shave?

By W. W. BAUER, M.D.

PRACTICALLY all men shave their faces, and many women use the razor as a means of keeping unwanted hair under control. Anyone who watches the advertising will be told of many different ways to shave, each one claimed by its advocate to be the best. The experienced shaver knows that there is no good way to shave. This may account for bankers and other smooth citizens taking to the woods for vacation and omitting all use of the razor while they are gone. Sometimes they return with fearful and wonderful beards for the amazement of their colleagues and the consternation of their wives.

Shaving can be more than a nuisance as pointed out by Dr Gibson E. Craig in the American Medical Association's *Archives of Dermatology*. It can be a source of skin diseases due to improper methods of shaving, either with blade razors or with the electric shavers. The principal offence is shaving too close or shaving "against the grain."

The hair emerges from the skin at an angle, and grows in the same general direction. In shaving, it is common practice to pull the skin tight in order to get a closer shave, and this practice, especially when combined with shaving against the grain, may very easily cause trouble because the hair is cut or clipped so short that when the pressure or traction on the skin is released, the end of the cut hair is actually below the surface of the skin.

● ●

As this closely cut hair grows, it may give rise to one of four kinds of trouble:

(a) It may point into the tissues instead of along the channel of the hair follicle, and thus may grow along under the surface of the skin—a truly "ingrown" hair.

(b) The tip of the hair may be cut in the tissue near the opening of the follicle and be held there in such a manner that the growing hair forms a loop.

(c) Infection may form about the mouth of the follicle creating a small pustule or pimple.

(d) The shortened hair below the surface may cause irritation which results in the formation of scars around the mouth of the follicle; this is called a foreign body reaction.

The best procedure for avoiding irritation due to shaving is first to shave lightly and if necessary, more frequently, instead of attempting excessively close shaving. A second precaution is always to shave with the grain. Electric shavers are recommended for use by pushing in all directions and inevitably some of this must be against the grain.

There seems to be little difference in the irritation caused by excessively close shaving where it is done by blade razors or by the so-called electric razor. The role of shaving in causing more aggravating infections in the beard area is emphasised by the medical experience in treating such infections. The basic instruction usually is to cease shaving at least until the hair projects from the follicle and then to shave infrequently and lightly.

● ●

Sometimes after long-continued excessively close shaving, the direction of the grain may be distorted, as a result of shaving in several directions. Given time, however, this will take its normal direction eventually.

While most of this advice applies to men, it may also be worthwhile for women to note, particularly those who shave excessive hair on arms, legs, lips or cheeks, no matter whether they use the feminine version of the blade, razor or an electric clipper.

Bedroom Colour Schemes

By Eleanor Ross

COLOUR is the big new factor in decorating, as only a cursory look at model rooms and furniture departments soon reveals. But it is the bedroom that is getting the biggest dose of colour, with soft pastels being replaced by distinct tones and some mighty unconventional colour schemes.

Colour is also moving up in the white goods picture. Remember the first timid debut of tinted sheets and pillow cases, a few years ago? Today, about 35 percent of all linen sold is tinted. For linens, yellow is the number one colour with pink and green the next. The most popular blanket colour is rose; gold comes next, then green, then blue.

★ ☆ ★

The actual colour scheme for the bedroom is one that must be chosen with care. Here is where one's personal preference for certain colours must be considered and, perhaps, even a questionnaire is in order. In fact, more than one decorator of our acquaintance comes armed with a list of questions to ask a client before taking on a bedroom decor.

She wants to know all about the rising habits of the occupant. Is she and/or he, cheerful or reluctant at get-up time? Is the bedroom sunny or dark? Is it used only as a bedroom or does it do double duty as a study or sitting room. And, very important, what is the room exposure?

The answer to all these questions, properly considered, should influence the colour choice.

A cheerful riser is happy with wide-awake colours, as crisp yellow and white, for instance. But those that make their way out of bed, grumbling and complaining, are likely to find that bright colours only serve to make things worse. For them, it has been found, sombre colours are best.

★ ☆ ★

Let's consider the room exposure. If the room is bright, you can use bright colours. But if it's overly bright, the blaze of sunny glory may interfere with early morning sleep. Of course, a dark bedroom will profit from light colours.

If you share your bedroom with your husband, steer clear of frilly pinks and frothy blues if you want to keep him happy. They may be feminine and restful—and they are, for the female of the species—but the menfolk are irritated by them. So say the decorators, psychologists and the colour experts—which makes it pretty official. Of course, that touch of pink or frothy blue may be introduced here and there but nicely, smartly and beyond all, unobtrusively.

For a bedroom that is to be used also as an upstairs sitting room, a workroom or a study, it has been found that living room colours serve best.

Corn-on-the-cob and two chilled desserts

CORN on the cob is handy to eat and as perfect for outdoor dining as for indoors.

In roasting, it's a good idea to leave on the husks, or wrap the ears in aluminium foil. For other dishes, cut the succulent kernels off the cob and enjoy all the wonderful flavour and nutritional benefits of the fresh corn.

So now for some corn butter to eat with the corn!

Combine ¼ c. melted butter and ½ tsp. thyme. Simmer 1 to 2 min. Brush over corn ears. Serves 4.

For a stronger flavour, use ¼ tsp. seasoning salts such as garlic, celery or onion, instead of the thyme.

Here's a fresh fruit recipe for the dieter's book.

Prepare a fresh orange gelatine, using one envelope unflavoured gelatine softened in ¼ c. cold water and dissolved over hot water. Add 1½ c. fresh orange juice mixed with 3 tbsp. fresh lemon juice. Chill.

Cut a small slice off the top of a juicy honeydew melon. Scoop out seeds with a spoon. Fill with cool but not jellied orange gelatine.

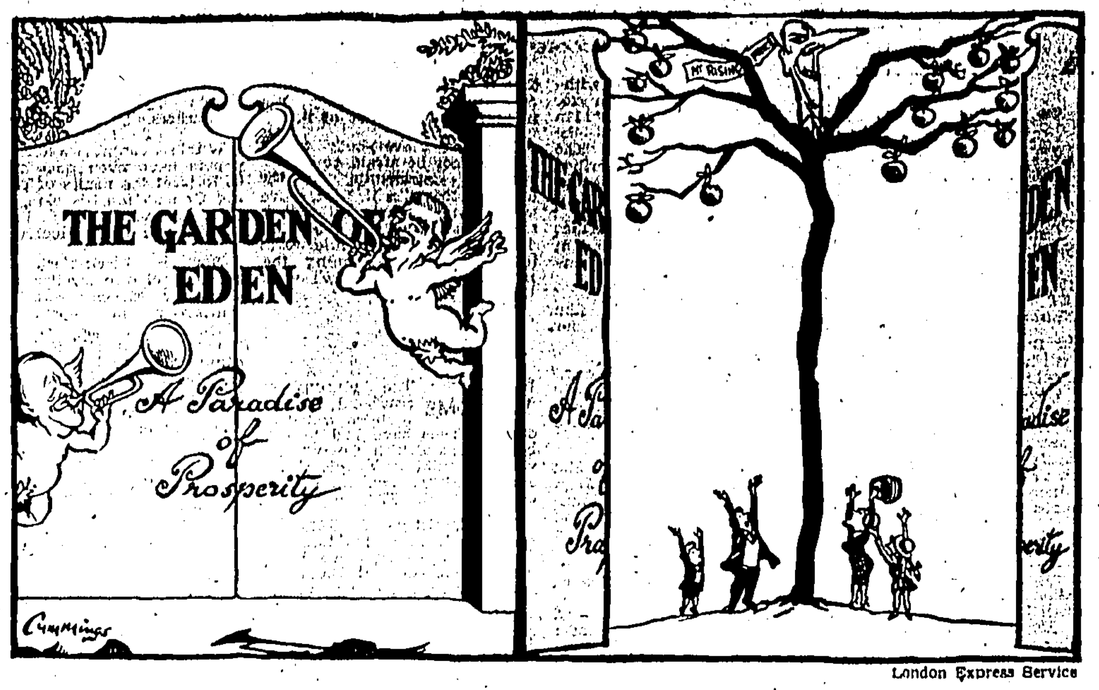
Replace the slice and chill in refrigerator until gelatine is firm. Then cut in wedges with a sharp knife.

For another hot day, low-calorie recipe, arrange a mound of cottage cheese in the centre of each serving dish and cover cheese with thawed frozen blueberries.

Sprinkle with sugar and lemon juice and garnish with finely grated lemon rind.

—ALICE DENHOFF

YESTERDAY TODAY . . . by Cummings



London Express Service

NEW PIONEERS WEAR SKIRTS

● Englishwomen, say the immigration authorities, are more adventurous than their menfolk . . .

by MARY HEWAT

KIPLING wouldn't credit it. Coward may have to change his tune—for it is no longer "mad dogs and Englishmen out in the midday sun," it is Englishwomen. Today's pioneer Empire builders are wearing skirts.

Walk into the Canadian Immigration offices in Green Street, Mayfair, London and you find six women to every five men asking about life in Canada.

At Australia House two years ago, there were two men to every one woman starting out for life in the Sunburned Country. Today the numbers are just about equal.

Englishwomen, say the immigration men, are more adventurous than their men folk.

"The men," said one official, "want to be spoon-fed. They like to have a job and a home arranged at the other end. They want to be led by the hand all the way. But the women . . . you almost have to force them to get all the information they should have."

In the married group of migrants, it is frequently the wife who has talked the family into moving.

And there are more single girls than single men looking for a new life.

Looking for husbands? Don't you believe it. I know one girl who has had three proposals since she decided to go to Australia, and she had turned them all down.

She's a tall (five feet nine inches) slim, honey blonde named Maureen Scorer. She is 23, comes from Birmingham, has worked as a nursery-school teacher and as a demonstrator for a chocolate firm. Says she: "I think I'm capable of taking on any sort of job in Australia."

Family life

The attraction for Maureen is the spirit of adventure. "And I'm a sun worshipper. I got a great build-up about Australia from a man I met in a train, who had just come back. He said the trouble with young people these days is that they won't leave their home.

"I thought he was right. It's good for young people to travel. And what's two years in a lifetime? I decided to go, because I know if I don't go this year, I won't go at all.

"I've had a wonderful family life. But all my life my family has done things for me. I think it's about time I did something for myself."

Then there's Janet Marsden, a 22-year-old occupational therapist from Wales, who has also been a bell-ringer, fruit-picker and a locker attendant at a municipal swimming pool—and who has no need at all to go husband-hunting in Canada.

She sails in November, with assets of tawny rough-cut hair, grey blue eyes, a dreamy smile, £150 in cash, and a list of hospitals.

Her trip involves sitting up for five days and nights in a train crossing the continent to Vancouver "because it's cheaper to go tourist, and there aren't any sleepers on that train."

Before she leaves for Canada Miss Marsden plans to hitch-hike to Gibraltar to be a bridesmaid at a wedding, and help with the Bordeaux wine harvest on the way.

Better place

Why all this? "Well, there's so much to see in the world," she says. "Will I be near the Indian country in Vancouver?"

But it is not only the adventure seekers who are off to the far corners of the Empire.

Mrs Alan Shaw, a home-loving non-traveller by nature, leaves for Australia in January with her husband, an electrical fitter, and their 22-month-old son.

"It was my husband's idea to start with," she said. "He was out there during the war with a submarine flotilla and he liked it.

"We're going now because we think it's a better place for children. The climate is better, and London is cramped. I was born and brought up in London, and I never had much room to move around in."

Needs room!

She seized small son Laurie as he got hold of a picture, a piece of board, and an apple in quick succession. "You see. He's a real boy. He needs some room."

These women the new Empire builders are chalking up another score over the men. Not only are they more adventurous willing to make a new life in the country of their choice—they don't go back on their choice.

As one senior immigration official put it: "When an Englishwoman decides to go through with something she's not inclined to change her mind. If she once decides to go—come hell or high water she's going to go."

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Paul Gallico Now Lives In Little Liechtenstein

By SIR BEVERLEY BAXTER, M.P.

IT is probable that some of you have never visited the Principality of Liechtenstein. It is even possible that some of you have never heard of Liechtenstein. All of which is very sad because everyone of us, at some stage of our lives, has dreamed of just such a place.

We are here—my wife, my daughter and a pretty American girl friend of hers, and myself—on a motoring tour of Europe. We have done France, Germany and Switzerland so that only Austria and Italy remain in our schedule. Then it will be back to London with its monstrous mass of humanity, its waddling omnibuses and its sad little dogs being taken for a walk on the lead.

It was that tall, gaunt American writer Paul Gallico who invited us to Liechtenstein. We renewed acquaintance with him at a first night in London, and when we told him that like the Pickwick Club we were going to take to the road he insisted that we should visit him in Liechtenstein where he lives.

A POET

A strange fellow, Gallico. He was a successful sports writer in America, but at heart he was a poet. In fact he was such a perfectionist that he went to the altar in holy matrimony no less than three times. Today all three are memories and nothing more. Which is probably why he now writes short stories of exquisite beauty.

Like many men of sensibility, he regards food and the cooking thereof as something almost sacred. No doubt his wives did their best with all the scientific kitchen aids that American ingenuity provides, but he was not content. So he took to the kitchen like a high priest presiding over a burnt sacrifice.

"I will cook you a marvellous dinner when you come to Liechtenstein," he said.

So it was arranged, and he booked rooms for us in advance at a hotel in the Principality.

Thus in due course did we set off in the car from the Rhineland and travelled through the elegance of Switzerland, where even the mountains look prosperous and the cities seem occupied by nothing but people of wealth.

Let loose the gods of war but Switzerland is never invaded. Her army is always ready, and the mountains guard the passes against all comers. In war Switzerland offers sanctuary to escaping prisoners, no matter what their uniform. Spies are ten bob for a dozen, but the Swiss are not concerned.

A SIGHT

Again and again Hitler must have flirted with the idea of invading Switzerland and attacking the Allied armies on their flank, but, like the Kaiser, he did not dare to take the gamble.

When you have left the graceful, prosperous city of Zurich it is only a short journey to Liechtenstein, and so eventually we reached the little Principality and drove up a hill to a hotel as modern and smart as anything a dollar millionaire could crave. We telephoned Paul Gallico and he invited us to come at six o'clock to his house at the top of the mountain, where we could swim in the pool and then eat the dinner which he would cook for us.

Thus did our car climb up and up until against the skyline on a jutting cliff we saw Gallico waving encouragement. The car made it all right, despite a brawl between the left front mudguard and a concealed rock at the side of the road.

What a sight it was from the 5,000 foot eyrie! Far below was the Rhine looking ridiculously like an unused motor highway. The sun was wrapped in mist and the mountains were like a setting for Das Rheingold.

A WALK

"You will swim, of course?" said Gallico. The chill mountain summer air, no longer cozened by the sun, was already seeping into our homes. My thoughts were on such incongruous things as a rug and a roaring fire. Even a neat whisky would have had a certain medicinal attraction.

"I don't think we'll swim," said my wife. "We are really rather tired and it would be lovely just to sit and look at the mountains."

"What about a nice cold Martini?" asked Gallico. "I can make 'em really cold."

With a last indignant glare the sun went down behind a mountain peak and the temperature fell another ten degrees.

"Would you mind," said my wife, "if we went for a walk? I'd love to see more of the place."

"Sure," said Paul, "I'm cooking the dinner, so I can't be of any use." And off we went on the long trial, but hardly had we passed a wooden house when we were joined by a kitten that offered to be our guide. Is there any animal or human or reptile that can compare in unconscious gracefulness with a kitten? The games this one invented on the way, its pretended fright, its mock ferocity, its daredevil leaps from twig to twig, its cosy rubbing against our legs to show that it was all just fun and he was glad we had turned up. . . .

A BARONESS

"Can't we buy him?" asked my daughter. "I'd take care of him in the car." What a crazy idea . . . utterly preposterous . . . I suppose he would not really take up much room. . . .

Fortunately the kitten bolted at that moment. He had seen a twig move and was full of suspicion. Thus he disappeared from this story and from our lives.

The temperature had fallen another ten degrees by the time we returned to Gallico's house, and the long asphalt-coloured roadway called "The Rhine" was obviously settling down for the night.

But by this time our number for dinner had been augmented by a handsome young woman, Baroness Virginia Falz-Fein. Despite her name she is English, being the granddaughter of the famous barrister, Sir Henry Curtis-Bennett.

After the Hitler war her wanderings took her to New York where she met a handsome young fellow named Baron Falz-Fein. He was a White Russian who managed to escape from the paradise which Lenin and Trotsky had created in Russia. He had one obsession—photography—but after meeting young Miss Curtis-Bennett he had a second. The result was that they married and made their home in Liechtenstein, where the ruling Royal Family had granted him sanctuary and citizenship.

At this stage in their lives the former Miss Curtis-Bennett brought British commercialism to the aid of Russian romanticism. Photography was all very well but it did not go far towards paying the household bills. Why not persuade the British motor bus companies to include the Principality among their continental stopping places?

A SHOP

So off she went to put her case to the omnibus moguls in Britain. The moguls were not impressed. Their continental itinerary included five countries and that was enough. But why not make it six?" demanded the Baroness. "You will be offering one more than your rivals and Liechtenstein is only just off the beaten track?"

Thus did the little Principality take its place on the bus route. But the Baroness was not satisfied. "We must open a shop," she said to her husband, "and sell souvenirs to the people on the coaches."

In fact, at Paul Gallico's house that night, she invited us to come to the shop the next morning and watch what happened when the touring buses arrived on their regular summer tours. Accordingly we went there and waited for the onslaught.

Up came a huge omnibus and stopped in the square right at the shop. Out got the peregrinating Britishers, and into the shop they swept like a tidal wave. Pound notes were fluttering in all directions while the accents of Lancashire, Yorkshire, Wales and London created an absolute uproar.

In all the crash and clamour the Baroness kept her head like Wellington at Waterloo. Her good-looking husband did his best but seemed a little puzzled at the eagerness of the British to rid themselves of their money.

"At first," she told us, "we just had things that would cost a shilling or half a crown. Then we saw our mistake. They seem to be rolling with money. Look at them!"

But all battles come to an end and this was no exception. The recall to the bus was sounded and off it went to the accompaniment of shouts and waving of hands. That was Liechtenstein that was and the tourists would have summut to show for it when they got back to Manchester or Wigan.

A LAW

All this, however, is but a brave little idea carried out by a plucky young married couple. Liechtenstein is remarkable for something much deeper and more fundamental than the selling of souvenirs.

It has no income tax!

Read those words and luxuriate with me at their simple charm. No income tax, no surtax! Your money is your own except probably for the rates if you had a house.

Nor has the outside world proved indifferent to this attraction. No less than 6,000 foreign companies are registered in the Principality—and that is a lot of companies.

The Government of Liechtenstein, however, saw certain drawbacks in this. They did not want the Principality to become a mere refuge for foreign capital which might depart as swiftly as it came. So they brought in a law that it was not enough for a foreigner to live there for a certain portion of the year. He must take out citizenship papers. Well, why not? There is no harm in having two passports and swearing allegiance to more countries than one.

"Yes!" said the Principality, "but it will cost you £10,000 or $30,000 to become officially a Liechtensteiner." By which you will gather that the Principality may be romantic but is not wholly out of touch with modern thought.

In fact, so up-to-date were they in financial matters that the ruler himself, the Prince of Liechtenstein, acquired two companies with factories in the Principality. One was for the manufacture of artificial teeth and the other for making calculating machines. I regret to report that the artificial teeth proposition did not prosper, but the losses were made up by the profits of the calculating machines. After all, where there are 4,000 registered companies there must be plenty of opportunity for calculating.

However, you must not think that the Prince is solely concerned with mundane matters. He and his wife live in a medieval castle with comforts as modern as this year's calendar. What is more, they have an art collection which is one of the finest in the world.

A STALEMATE

Is the Prince a dictator? Not at all. Liechtenstein has a Parliament of two parties consisting of five elected deputies from each. Providing that the MPs always vote according to their Whips there is a perpetual stalemate which can only be resolved by the decision of the Prince. In other words it might be said that in Liechtenstein there is democracy under control.

When all this was explained I ventured to suggest that their Parliament was under the dictatorship of the ruling Prince—and after all he is a Hapsburg.

"Oh no," came the reply, "it is the Church that decides everything."

So we said goodbye to the little country of chalets, mountains and history which is still officially at war with Bismarck's Germany and refused to put out the lights when Hitler's bombers took to the skies.

Far up on the mountain peak Paul Gallico was no doubt cooking his noonday meal, and perhaps the kitten had come over to bear him company.

"Some day," I said to my three ladies, "I shall return to Liechtenstein."

But they did not hear me. In fact, they were studying the map as if Liechtenstein was just an ordinary state instead of being, as it is, a fortress of individualism.

"I shall return," I said, but the honking of the horn drowned the sound of my voice.

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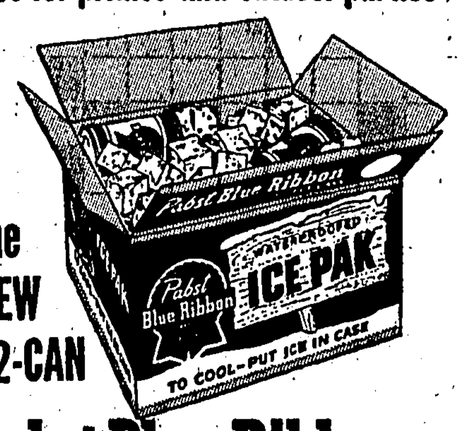
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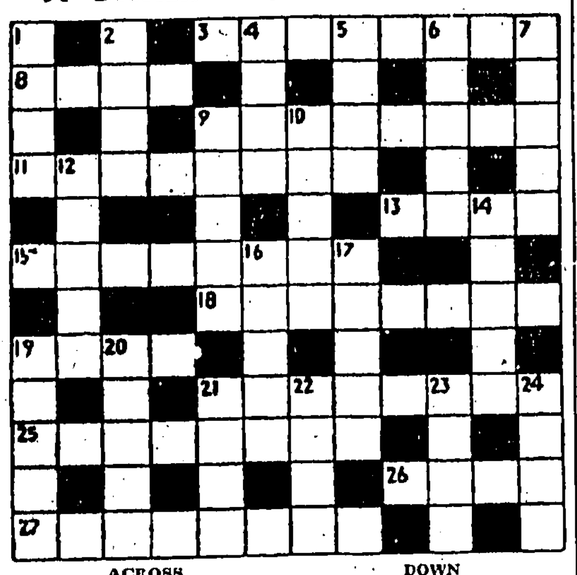


POCKET CARTOON
By OSBERT LANCASTER



"You see, darling, the real trouble is that nowadays even people who haven't got the means live beyond their means!"

A British Crossword Puzzle



ACROSS

3 Taken into custody (8).
8 Victim (4).
9 Put back (8).
11 Solaces (8).
13 Measure out (4).
15 Made up (8).
18 Told (8).
19 Experiment (4).
21 Induce (8).
25 Gets ready (8).
26 Flaccid (4).
27 Penitent (8).

DOWN

1 Tale of heroism (4).
2 Average (4).
4 Stagger (4).
5 Consumes (4).
6 Concise (5).
7 Trick (5).
9 Bird (5).
10 Drain (5).
12 Seaside air (5).
14 Tendency (5).
16 Beverage (5).
17 Attire (5).
19 Subject (5).
20 Gloss (5).
21 Brace (4).
22 Torn (4).
23 Greedy (4).
24 Spot (4).

YESTERDAY'S CROSSWORD:—Across: 1 Copies, 4 Grace, 7 Amicable, 8 Arena, 9 Entree, 11 Credits, 13 Animate, 15 Nickel, 18 Depot, 19 Exempted, 20 Tasks, 21 Serene. Down: 1 Chase, 2 Incur, 3 Subject, 4 Grease, 5 Asterisk, 6 Essays, 10 Trippers, 12 Renders, 13 Ardent, 14 Asters, 16 Caper, 17 Ledge.

NANCY SPAIN discusses books:

I DISCOVER A NEW HUCK FINN

DO you have a favourite book? Is there some tale you go back to again and again when the cinema bores you and there is "nothing on TV?" Do you read, for example, "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn," as I do, and wish that people still wrote books as good as that today?

This week a wonderful thing has happened. In **THE FOUR LIVES OF MUNDY TOLLIVER** (Vallentine, Mitchell, 10s. 6d.) by 59-year-old Ben Lucien Burman, I have discovered a new Huck Finn.

Mundy Tolliver is a lanky, solemn, likable ex-G.I. from Kentucky, something like a grasshopper to look at. He hitches a ride on a lorry, meets up with a small, bouncy ex-G.I. called "Pee Wee" Johnson, from Alabama. And the two become fast friends.

THE RIVER

They get jobs as deck hands on a Mississippi tow-boat. There are marvellous descriptions of The River, of drains passing in the night, of the moon rising. Then Mundy falls in love with a girl called Essy.

"Women's nice," Pee Wee tells him, "if you handle 'em right. But watch out they don't foam up on you. A woman's like bathing with soap if you're a dog. A little of it's fine and keeps off the fleas. But you get too much . . . and it'll kill you."

Essy lives in a floating Mississippi house with a terrible old mother who hates men and raises hogs. She also hates the town.

Mundy's love affair does not prosper. Essy can't leave Ma. So Mundy and Pee Wee go away. And then Pee Wee, somewhat traitorously, gets married. And Mundy is terribly lonely. Everything seems to go wrong for him.

He goes "moonshining" (making illegal whisky) and gets caught. He goes to gaol. When he comes out he takes a job among the porpoises and pelicans out in the Gulf of Mexico on the Shrimp Drying Platforms

THE SWAMPS

Here he recovers a little. He even decides he wants a wife.

And he gets one, a perfectly terrible one, from an advertisement. She runs away. Mundy agrees to divorce her.

And then he goes back to Essy, walking, walking nearly all the way through the glamorous swamps of the eternal Mississippi. When he arrives Essy is hanging out the washing.

"I've come back," says Mundy. "I ain't the person that went away. I'll wait for you no matter what your mother does. I'll wait for you 20 years."

The fact is, of course, that Mundy has found himself. And he knows he will never be lonely any more. But the thing about this book is its atmosphere. The descriptions of sultry days and nights on the river, of wicked cities, of gaols, of hurricanes; and the great marvel of men and women struggling to make a living among all this danger and splendour, I enjoyed it so much that when I had finished I went straight back to the beginning again.

THE CAD

MUCH more genteel is **PROFIT AND LOSS** (Putnam, 12s. 6d.), by Jacobine Hichens, who has in her last two books made a great reputation. This one is all about Anna, a singer, who goes on a concert tour to the East and is trapped there by the Japanese. When she is in prison camp her husband dies. And she falls in love with a fellow prisoner, a cad called Dagliesh. They marry and return to England.

Then Dagliesh becomes more and more caddish. Soon everyone knows that he is keeping up two homes and going share-pushing. And he is standing trial for "conspiracy in connection with company shares." He is acquitted. And he gets rid of his other home. And Anna welcomes him back.

The characters in this book all live in Kensington and Kent. They all speak to one another without a trace of accent—they all speak, too, without a trace of emotion. Which is odd, isn't it, when you think how violent their story might have been?

And "no emotion" makes an awfully dull book, Miss Hichens, albeit a nice, quiet lady-like one.

THE SPY

BUT then thank goodness there is a merry romp through the Caribbean and Paris, France, with veteran story-teller Dennis Wheatley and **THE DARK SECRET OF JOSEPHINE** (*Hutchinson, 15s.*).

Roger Brook is our hero, the best British spy since the Scarlet Pimpernel. He is sent by Pitt to be Governor of Martinique. On the way he is captured by pirates and the Pirate's Moll turns out to be foster-sister to Napoleon's Josephine. The Pirate's Moll tells Roger that Josephine was secretly married to someone called William de Kay.

Meanwhile in Paris, Francet Napoleon is plotting. He must *either* invade England or marry Josephine. Josephine is being blackmailed by the Pirate's Moll when Roger turns up, fixes everything, and changes the face of history. So Napoleon marries Josephine and hasn't time to invade England.

But what about Josephine's dark secret, you may well ask?

Well, you see she committed bigamy. But I still am not quite sure with whom.

Rest Of The New Books

A CURE FOR SERPENTS. By Alberto Denti di Pirajno. Deutsch. 16s. 263 pages.

DENTI DI PIRAJNO is an Italian Duke who spent much of his life doctoring in Africa. In Moslem countries a doctor learns more than other men and meets stranger people, e.g., the man on whom he performed a rare operation to remove a serpent from his stomach; or Bughesha, a youth straight out of the Arabian Nights, smuggler, white-slaver, bogus doctor and a champion liar, last heard of as secretary to an International Commission.

The Duke's story is sometime cynical, sometimes hard to credit, always engaging.

PHILIPPINE By Danielle Hanebelle. Secker and Warburg. 12s. 6d. 256 pages.

PHILIPPINE is an emotional French schoolgirl who falls in love, first with an actress and then with the actress's husband. The novel is haunted by echoes of Colette; too much of it is told in a jerky style that suggests someone chopping firewood.

"I gave in to you, you've made us lose time, we shall be late. Julie will be furious. You don't know Julie." etc.

NOT HONOUR MORE. By Joyce Cary. Michael Joseph. 12s. 6d. 223 pages.

THE third novel of a trilogy in which Cary has exhibited the twentieth-century world of politics — and politicians — with satirical gusto and penetrating truth.

THE CRETAN RUNNER. By George Psychoundalies, Murray. 18s. 242 pages.

A CRETAN'S own story of his dangerous war-time life as guide and runner with the Greek Resistance forces and their British allies. A naive and completely convincing document.

PARADE

A COLUMN OF THE UNUSUAL ABOUT PEOPLE AND PLACES AND THINGS

POLITICS IN VENICE. Spain has withdrawn from for Venice Film Festival to protest against the banning of their film "The Cock's Crow", which described Catholic priests being tortured in an Iron Curtain country.

The Film Festival authorities thought that the picture might offend Russia and other Communist countries.

This is the fourth film banned from the festival for political reasons.

The first was "The Prisoner," with Alec Guinness. It was inspired by the trial of Cardinal Mindszenty, which might have offended Hungary.

The second was a Czech film on the Protestant reformer John Huss. It contained too much Communist propaganda and might have offended the Catholics.

Then Mrs Clare Luce Boothe, the American ambassador in Italy asked the Film Festival that the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer film "Blackboard Jungle" should not be shown. It gave a distorted view of the American way of life, she asserted.

Now film critics are complaining that political motives should not be brought into the Festival and that films should be shown and judged only on their artistic merits.

• • •

ARMCHAIR CRITICS You have often met him — the armchair critic.

But did you know he is properly organised? He never does anything by chance, and, in fact, has his own Armchair Critics' Club with a stringent set of rules. There are six of them, and the Camberwell Community Association has revealed them in their news magazine.

Here they are: Never attend meetings regularly; when you do attend make sure you arrive late. Always find fault and never accept any office. But if you are not appointed to the committee get sore and complain outside. If you are asked for your opinion by the chairman tell him you have nothing to say—then go outside and tell everyone what should have been done, and make sure you slate the chairman for not giving you a chance. Never do anything to help. If others work hard for the benefit of the branch you can always complain that it is being run by a clique and suggest that they are making something out of it.

Try to get everybody to resign; do not be afraid to spread rumours detrimental to the officials—they like it. Last, agree wholeheartedly with all that is said and agreed at the meetings, but tell everybody afterwards that the people running the movement don't know what they are doing.

• • •

NOT WELCOME The citizens of Southend have a problem which no other citizens have had to face before. The British Government want to build an atomic power station nearby. And the citizens don't want it. They're scared.

The Ministry of Fuel—the people who are building the power station—say there is no danger. The Central Electricity Authority says the same thing.

But the townsmen are not convinced.

Up to now, atom stations have been secret affairs, intended for making implements of destruction. So they have been built a long way from anywhere.

But atomic power is something else. The station will generate electricity. And the farther you carry electricity, the less efficient the unit and more expensive the job. So the new stations will be built nearer to towns.

Is there any possibility that an atom station might explode—like a giant A-bomb?

The scientists say no. The process of controlled nuclear fission for power stations and the process of uncontrolled fission for bombs are two quite different things.

There is far less chance of anything going wrong than there is, say, of the London Underground system caving in.

But it will probably be a long time before men welcome the atom as a neighbour.

• • •

GERMANS UNPOPULAR Yugoslavia has declared war on the German tourist—currently the most controversial figure on the Continent. The Yugoslav press charges that a high percentage of the German tourists are black-marketeers who, taking advantage of Yugoslavia's economic backwardness, are spending their holidays selling watches, nylons, cameras and typewriters.

Within recent weeks the papers have even gone so far as to print the names of offending German tourists along with their addresses and a list of their illegal transactions.

Nor is black-marketeering the only charge levelled at the Germans. "Even when these tourists are not operating a black market," adds one paper, "they bring their tents and camp out; they loot our forests for firewood; they catch our fish for food, and the rest of their food they bring from home," observed one newspaper.

All this—and only last year the German tourist was accused by the Dutch of being arrogant and tactless.

• • •

HEART OF STEEL Ravages of the death-watch beetle have brought more havoc to HMS Victory, Nelson's flagship, than ever did the cannon of the French fleet.

The glorious old three-decker, now in dry dock in Portsmouth, needs repairs costing £500,000. And, say the shipwrights who have examined her from stem to stern and keel to topmast, the repairs will best be carried out with teak and steel.

Teak and steel in place of England's Heart of Oak?

Yes, say the technical experts. Termites are not so attracted to teak as to oak, and steel would help hold together ancient timbers. Also, it would take twenty years to mature the necessary seasoned oak cut from English forests.

Cost of the work is expected to be met by private subscription. However much it should be, Englishmen will find the money to keep Victory in being.

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YOUTH SERUM The Bogomoletz "youth serum" (the injections which Stalin received in the hope of prolonging his life to the century mark) is being acclaimed by West German physicians as possessing "great healing powers" even though it failed to save the Russian leader.

Reports presented to a German medical therapy conference recounted a number of near miracles achieved with the serum. A hard-of-hearing patient was able to hear a watch tick for the first time in 12 years and a deaf mute recovered the power of speech.

The therapy conference, an annual meeting of leading German physicians, agreed that results achieved thus far by use of the serum warranted experiments in treating "managerial sickness," (the German euphemism for nervous exhaustion brought on by overwork); migraine headaches, rheumatism and other common ailments.

• • •

COULDN'T UNDERSTAND Primitive Batonka tribesmen in the wild, inaccessible valley of Central Africa's Zambesi River turned out in thousands along both banks to hear Southern Rhodesia's Minister of Native Affairs, Ben Fletcher, ask them to quit their homes. But they could not understand why the white man wanted to build a dam on a river so great that it will spread the waters into the largest man-made lake in the world, about 200 miles long.

They were just as mystified when they learnt that it was all part of the vast Kariba Gorge hydro-electric scheme to produce abundant power for aiding the Central African Federation.

They agreed to leave a 10,000 square mile area for higher ground only when assured protection from teeming animals—elephant, lion, buffalo and rhino.

• • •

MURILLO DISCOVERED Yes, it has happened again. A painting bought in a junk shop for next to nothing has turned out to be an old master.

Costing £15, the canvas is a Murillo, famous 17th century Spanish artist, and is worth at least £10,000. It depicts St Felix de Cantallero, a Capuchin monk, handing a loaf to a boy. Its new owner, Don Maxima Bandres of Madrid, will not sell it.

• • •

ACCIDENTAL INFORMATION Left-handed people are more accident-prone than right-handed persons simply because they are slower in co-ordination, says a New Zealand Health Department report. Speed ratio is two or three to one in favour of the right-handers.

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

Fisherman's Luck

BY HARRY WEINERT



Your Radio Listening For Next Week In Detail—A "China Mail" Feature

"Operation Leopard"—A RAF Fantasy

RECITAL BY PROF. HARRY ORE ON THURSDAY

When a pair of leopards are delivered by mistake to a RAF Station in Cheshire, and are taken on the strength, there are the makings of a Service crisis. What happens when this crisis reaches Whitehall level can be heard on Wednesday at 9.30 in "Operation Leopard" — a play for radio by Leslie Harcourt.

The play is produced for the Hongkong Stage Club by Timothy Birch, and the all-male cast includes Rei Oblitas as the Commanding Officer, Alan Huggins as the Secretary of State for Air, and David Lyttle as the Station Warrant Officer.

In "The Story of Charles Cochrane" — on the air at 9.30 on Tuesday evening, Eric Maschwitz recalls the days when London's theatreland was spellbound by the energy and vitality of someone simply but affectionately known to all in show business as "C. B." or "Cockie".

In the course of 50 years, Charles Blake Cochrane's productions ranged from prize fights, through drama, operetta and revue, ballet and opera—even to a miracle play.

In this feature, which is in two parts, on the memories of the great showman, written and narrated by Eric Maschwitz, listeners will hear how C. B. became a legend in his own lifetime.

The singers to be heard in the first part of "The Story of Charles Cochrane" are Olga Gwynne and Bruce Trent, with the BBC chorus, and the BBC Concert Orchestra, under their conductor, Charles Mackerras.

RECITAL

The well-known pianist Harry Ore, who needs no introduction in local musical circles, celebrates his seventieth birthday on Thursday. To mark the occasion he is to give a joint recital of his own compositions, with Arrigo Foa, violin, from the Concert Hall of Radio Hongkong, at 9.15 on Thursday evening.

"Battle of Britain" Sunday

At 11.00 a.m. tomorrow, Radio Hongkong will be relaying from St John's Cathedral the "Battle of Britain" Memorial Service that follows the Parade in Statue Square. The preacher at this service will be the Rev. P. Grimwood, RAF.

Hongkong Concert Orchestra

The Hongkong Concert Orchestra, under its conductor, Victor Ardy, recently gave the first concert of the season to a large and enthusiastic audience at the Ritz Night Club, North Point. Recorded extracts from the programme, compered by Hilary Green, can be heard at three minutes past six on Tuesday evening.

LETTER FROM AMERICA

Alistair Cooke, the popular commentator on the American scene, will be heard in the first of a new weekly "Letter from America" series on Friday evening at 10.15. The programme will be recorded from the BBC earlier in the evening.

ASIAN CLUB

The subject under discussion in next week's BBC programme, "Asian Club," is "Electronic Brains", and the speaker is Dr W. Gray Walter. "Asian Club" can be heard at half past nine on Monday evening.

(Broadcasting on a frequency of 860 kilocycles per second and on 3940 kilocycles, 76.14 metres.)

Today

12.30 p.m. PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
12.32 MUSICAL SCRAPBOOK.
1.00 TIME SIGNAL.
1.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
2.30 LUNCHTIME MUSIC. FORCES' PROGRAMMES.
3.00 OLD TIME BALLROOM. With Sydney Thompson and his Orchestra.
3.30 HALLMARKS OF MODERN MUSIC. Tony Hall and his Orchestra.
5.00 STUDIO: HOSPITAL REQUESTS. Presented by Joan.
6.00 STUDIO: FORCES' CHOICE. Presented by Evan Rayment.
6.30 THE MILL OF THE FLOSS—BY GEORGE ELIOT. Produced by Wilfrid Grantham. Episode 3: 'The Widening Rift.'
8.00 "JUST FOR YOU". News and music from Hollywood.
10.13 MORNING MELODY.
10.30 MORNING PROM. L'Orchestre Des Concerts Lamoureux cond. by Jean Fournet.
11.00 RELAY OF THE "BATTLE OF BRITAIN" SERVICE FROM ST JOHN'S CATHEDRAL. Preacher: The Rev. P. Grimwood, R.A.F., mistress of the choristers Miss Cecilia Cheng Organist: Mr D. Soul.
12.15 p.m. STUDIO: SPORTS TIME.
12.30 PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
12.32 POPULAR PARDE. Im Zigeunerlager—Wessel Dekker and his Mandolinata - Orchestra; Poem:—Jan Tromp (whistling) with orch; Home on the range; Pizzicato Polka; Lebe Wohl, Du Schwarze Rose—Bernard Durkker (Hammond-organ); Im Uhrenladen — Jan Corduwener and his Orch; Anema E Core—Willy Alberti (tenor) with Jan Corduwener and his Orch; O-Ko-Le Ma-Lu-Na; My Little Grass Shack; Goodbye Hawaii — The Kilima Hawaiians; Catalina—Malando and his Orch; Just a Gigolo; Sympathy; Ta Danza — Bernard Drukker (Hammond-organ); Beyond the stars —Lee Lawrence (vocal) with Ray Martin's Orch; Song of the Barefoot Contessa — Charles Williams and his Concert Orch; If I give my heart to you—Dinah Shore (vocal); Cara Mia—Ron Goodwin and his Concert Orchestra; Vera Cruz—Dean Parker (vocal); Ready, willing and able—Doris Day (vocal); La Vie En Rose —Philip Green and his Orch.
1.00 TIME SIGNAL.
1.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
1.30 AFTERNOON CONCERT. Apollo et Hyacinthus—Overture (K. 38) (Mozart)—The National Gallery Orch. cond. by Richard Bales; Violin Concerto in E minor, Op. 64 (Mendelssohn) — Campoli (violin) with the London Philharmonic Orch. cond. by Eduard Van Beinum.
FORCES' PROGRAMMES.
2.00 STUDIO: HOSPITAL REQUESTS. Presented by Hilary.
3.00 MUSIC OF THE PEOPLE. The BBC Midland Light Orchestra. Conductor, Gilbert Vinter.
3.30 STUDIO: HOME REQUESTS. Presented by Hilary.
4.30 "THE NINE TAILORS." Adapted by Giles Cooper from the novel by Dorothy L. Sayers.
5.00 "TO YOU FROM WALES." From Merthyr Tydfil. Programme No. 1: 'Bondor Girls Choir.'
5.15 ROBERT FARNON AND HIS ORCHESTRA. Always; Don't blame me; When I grow too old to dream; Laura; Yes! we have no bananas.
5.30 "CALL FROM HOME." Programme No. 1: 'Billy Thorburn (Piano).'
5.45 ORCHESTRA OF THE "CONCERTS COLONNE." The Blue Bird—Ballet (Tchaikovsky); Don Quichotte—Ballet (Minkus) —Daniel Stirn (cond.).
6.00 TIME SIGNAL AND PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
6.03 A NIGHT IN SPAIN. Orquesta De Camara De Madrid. Soloists: Marujita Diaz and Ana Maria Parra. Adios A Espana; Ay Sandunga; Serenata Frente Al Mar; Paroue de Maria Luisa—Marujita Diaz (vocal); Hornatera Valenciana; El Pichi; Tres Carabelas—Ana Maria Parra (vocal) Zapateao de Cordoba—Augusto Alguero Jr. (Cond.).
6.30 FORCES' EVENING SERVICE (CONCERT HALL). Conducted by the Rev. J. W. Galbraith, CF, and the Forces' Choir cond. by Major Hinde.
7.00 A POPULAR ORCHESTRAL CONCERT. The Merry Wives of Windsor—Overture (Nicolai)—L'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande cond. by Victor Ulof; Second movement from "Concerto in D minor, Op. 22" (Wieniawski) — Mischa Mischakoff (violin) and RCA Victor Orch. cond. by Erich Leinsdorf; Scherzo (from Concerto Symphonique No. 4 Op. 102) (Litolff) — Moura Lympany (piano) and the Philharmonia Orch. cond. by Walter Susskind; Air on the G String (Bach); Romance in E Flat, Op. 44 No. 1 (Rubinstein); Waltz in C Sharp Minor (Chopin)—The Melachrino Strings.
7.30 PICTURE PARADE. A series of programmes about British Films. "The Constant Husband."
7.59 WEATHER REPORT.
8.00 TIME SIGNAL AND THE NEWS (LONDON RELAY).
8.09 COMMENTARY (LONDON RELAY) OR SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
8.15 SONGS FROM OPERA. Vol Lo Sapete (Now you shall know, from "Cavalleria Rusticana") (Mascagni)—Gre Brouwenstijn (sop.) and The Radio Philharmonic Orch. (Hilversum) cond. by Paul Van Kempen; Cialo e mari (Heaven and Ocean) (from "La Gioconda") (Ponchielli)—Beniamino Gigli (tenor) with the Philharmonia Orch. and Chorus cond. by S. Robinson; Duet from "Lakme," Act 1 (Delibes)—Pierrette Alarie (sop.), Leopold Simoneau (tenor) with L'Orchestre des Concerts Lamoureux cond. by Pierre Dervaux.
8.30 FERDINAND LOPEZ. Adapted from the novel "The Prime Minister." By Anthony Trollope. Episode 7.
9.00 DIAMOND JUBILEE SEASON. Henry Wood Promenade Concerts. BBC Women's Chorus Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Conductor: Sir Thomas Beecham, BT. Symphony No. 99 in E flat (Haydn); Scenes from Act 2 "Irmelin" (Delius); Overture and Venusberg music from "Tannhauser" (Wagner).
10.15 FROM THE WEEKLIES." (RECORDED LONDON RELAY).
10.30 FROM HEAVENLY HARMONY. Organ recital by Charles Peaker from Westminster Abbey. Matolotte (W. Boyce); Toccata in F (Bach ed. Bridge & Higgs); Carillon (Murrill); Cortege Academique (F. Macmillan); The Clocks (Haydn).
10.59 WEATHER REPORT.
11.00 TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NEWSREEL (LONDON RELAY).
11.09 EPILOGUE (RECORDED). Conducted by the Rev. Father J. McAsey, SJ.
GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.
11.30 CLOSE DOWN.

Monday

7.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL AND OPENING MARCH.
7.02 LIGHT MUSIC.
7.15 NEWS SUMMARY.
7.20 TOP O' THE MORN.
7.45 WEATHER REPORT.
8.00 TIME SIGNAL, NEWS, WEATHER REPORT & SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
8.10 MUSIC IN THE AIR.
9.00 CLOSE DOWN.
12.30 p.m. PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
12.32 DOUBLE ATTRACTION. Kate Smith, Bing Crosby.
1.00 TIME SIGNAL. AL GOODMAN AND HIS ORCHESTRA. "Themes from the films."
1.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
1.30 MUSIC FOR YOU.
2.00 CLOSE DOWN.

6.00 TIME SIGNAL AND PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
6.03 STUDIO: CHILDREN'S HALF HOUR. Presented by Elizabeth.
6.30 AUSTRALIAN TRADE CATALOGUE. A fortnightly review of Australian Industry.
6.45 COMPOSER CAVALCADE—ERNESTO LECUONA. Malaguena; Andalucia; Ante El Escorial; San Francisco El Grande; Siempre En Mi Corazon; Maria La O; Siboney; Noche Azul; Danlisela Encantadora — Ernesto Lecuona (piano).
7.15 "BOX 200." Bert Gillett at the Organ.
7.30 STUDIO: ANNOUNCER'S CHOICE. Presented by J. Pakenham-Walsh.
7.59 WEATHER REPORT.
8.00 TIME SIGNAL AND THE NEWS (LONDON RELAY).
8.09 COMMENTARY (LONDON RELAY) OR SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
8.15 BAMBERGER SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA. Caliph of Baghdad—Overture (Boieldieu); If I were King—Overture (Adam)—Fritz Lehmann.
8.30 TED HEATH AND HIS MUSIC. With Dennis Lotis, Kathy Lloyd, Bobbie Britton.
9.00 TIME SIGNAL, CONCERTO. Concerto for 'cello in B flat (Boccherini)—Pablo Casals ('cello) and the London Symphony Orch., conducted by Sir Landon Ronald.
9.30 ASIAN CLUB (RECORDED LONDON RELAY). "Electronic Brains." Speaker: Dr W. Gray Walter.
10.00 STUDIO: "INTERNATIONAL CABARET." Presented by Denise Brabant.
10.30 TAKE IT FROM HERE. Dick Bentley and Jimmy Edwards, with Wallas Eaton, Alma Cogan, June Whitfield. Repeat of last Friday's broadcast.
10.59 WEATHER REPORT.
11.00 TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NEWSREEL (LONDON RELAY).
11.09 GOODNIGHT MUSIC. Nuages; Sirenes (Ensemble Vocal de Paris, Dir.: A. Jouve) (from "3 Nocturnes pour Orchestre") (Debussy)—Orchestre de la Societe des Concerts du Conservatoire de Paris cond. by Jean Fournet.
GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.
11.30 CLOSE DOWN.

Tuesday

7.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL AND OPENING MARCH.
7.02 LIGHT MUSIC.
7.15 NEWS SUMMARY.
7.20 TOP O' THE MORN.
7.45 WEATHER REPORT.
8.00 TIME SIGNAL, NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
8.10 MUSIC IN THE AIR.
9.00 CLOSE DOWN.
12.15 p.m. STUDIO: MORNING PRAYERS. By the Very Rev. F. S. Temple.
12.30 PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
12.32 THE MUSIC GOES ROUND AND ROUND.
1.00 TIME SIGNAL. TUNES YOU'VE WHISTLED. With George Greeley (piano).
1.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
1.30 LUNCHTIME MUSIC.
2.00 CLOSE DOWN.

6.00 TIME SIGNAL AND PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
6.03 HONGKONG CONCERT ORCHESTRA (RECORDED). Conducted by Victor Ardy.
6.30 STUDIO: "FIRST HEARING." Presented by Alex Borrie.
7.00 BBC JAZZ CLUB. Johnny Dankworth and his Orchestra.
7.30 STUDIO: LA DEMI-HEURE FRANCAISE. Presentation de M. Laversanne. 'Hommage a C. Delvincourt.'
7.59 WEATHER REPORT.
8.00 TIME SIGNAL AND THE NEWS (LONDON RELAY).
8.09 COMMENTARY (LONDON RELAY) OR SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
8.15 BRITAIN SINGS. Massed Miners Choir.
8.30 FORCES' FAVOURITES (LONDON RELAY).
9.00 TIME SIGNAL. STUDIO: RECORD REVIEW. Presented by Eric O'Neil Shaw.
9.30 THE STORY OF CHARLES COCHRAN — MEMORIES OF THE GREAT SHOWMAN — WRITTEN AND NARRATED BY ERIC MASCHWITZ. BBC Concert Orchestra. Conductor: Charles Mackerras.
10.30 AT THE BALLET. "Cinderella" (Prokofiev). Royal Opera House Orch., Covent Garden conducted by Warwick Braithwaite.
10.59 WEATHER REPORT.
11.00 TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NEWSREEL (LONDON RELAY).
11.09 GOODNIGHT MUSIC. Cassation in G major, K.V. 63 (Mozart)—The Vienna Symphony Orch., conducted by Paul Sacher.
GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.
11.30 CLOSE DOWN.

Wednesday

7.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL AND OPENING MARCH.
7.02 LIGHT MUSIC.
7.15 NEWS SUMMARY.
7.20 TOP O' THE MORN.
7.45 WEATHER REPORT.
8.00 TIME SIGNAL, NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
8.10 MUSIC IN THE AIR.
9.00 CLOSE DOWN.
12.30 PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
12.32 MUSIC FROM THE FILM. "Carmen Jones" by Oscar Hammerstein II. A musical play based on Bizet's opera "Cermen" sung by members of the original New York production.
1.00 TIME SIGNAL.
1.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
1.30 LONDON STUDIO CONCERT. The BBC Scottish Orchestra. Conductor: Ian Whyte.
2.00 CLOSE DOWN.

6.00 TIME SIGNAL AND PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
6.03 STUDIO: LUCKY DIP — VARIETY REQUESTS. Presented by Jean.
7.00 INTERLUDE FOR MUSIC. With Kay Cavendish.
7.15 LUIS SAGI VELA (BARITONE) SINGS SPANISH SONGS. With Orchesta de Camara de Madrid. Conducted by Enrique Navarro: El Baturrico (Perez Sortano); Ramona (Wayne); La Cancion Del Olvido (Racento)—(J. Serrato); Marina (Sequidillas)—(E. Arrieta).
7.30 A LIFE OF ELIZA—WRITTEN BY GODFREY HARRISON. Produced by Leslie Bridgmont. Episode 21.
7.59 WEATHER REPORT.
8.00 TIME SIGNAL AND THE NEWS (LONDON RELAY).
8.09 COMMENTARY (LONDON RELAY) OR SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
8.15 COMPOSER OF THE WEEK—REFIGHI. Italiana (Anon., 10th Century) (from "Ancient Airs and Dances for the Lute—Suite No. 3")—Kari Munchinger conducting The Stuttgart Chamber Orch.; Feste Romane (Roman Festivals)—N.B.C. Symphony Orch., conducted by Arturo Toscanini.
8.45 GYPSY NIGHTS. Play, Fiddle, play; When a Gypsy makes his violin cry; Golden Earrings—Emery Deutsch His Violin and Orchestra.
9.00 TIME SIGNAL. TRIO IN D MAJOR, OP. 70 NO. 1 ('GHOST') (BRETHOVEN). Erich Itor Kahn (Piano), Giorgio Olompi (violin), Benar Heifetz (cello).
9.30 WEDNESDAY THEATRE (RECORDED). "Operation Leopard" by Leslie Harcourt. Produced for the Hongkong Stage Club by Timothy Birch.
10.15 NORRIE PARAMOR AND HIS ORCHESTRA. Melodia; Open your heart—with Eddie Calvert (trumpet) & Chorus; The Melba Waltz; Waiting for you —Eddie Calvert (trumpet) & Chorus; The High and the Mighty; Pennywhistle song.
10.30 MUSIC OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY. Violin Concerto in A minor, Op. 82 (Glazounov) — David Oistrakh (violin), Kiril Kondrashin conducting the State Orch. of the U.S.S.R.; Impressoes seresteiras; A Mare encheu (Villa-Lobos) — Ellen Ballon (piano).
10.59 WEATHER REPORT.
11.00 TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NEWSREEL (LONDON RELAY).
11.09 GOODNIGHT MUSIC. Song without Words, Op. 19 No. 6 (Mendelssohn); Minuet (Schubert); Sonatina (Torroba)—Andres Segovia (guitar).
GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.
11.30 CLOSE DOWN.

Thursday

7.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL AND OPENING MARCH.
7.02 LIGHT MUSIC.
7.15 NEWS SUMMARY.
7.20 TOP O' THE MORN.
7.45 WEATHER REPORT.
8.00 TIME SIGNAL, NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
8.10 MUSIC IN THE AIR.
9.00 CLOSE DOWN.
12.30 p.m. PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
12.32 NOTHING BUT MUSIC.
1.00 TIME SIGNAL.
1.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
1.30 SONGS FROM THE SHOWS. With Anne Ziegler and Webster Booth, Helen Clare, Jack Cooper, Bill O'Connor, Billy Terneut and his Concert Orchestra. Presented by John Watt.
2.00 CLOSE DOWN.

6.00 TIME SIGNAL AND PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
6.03 STUDIO: JAZZ HALF HOUR. Presented by Robert Acheson.
6.30 STUDIO: PORTUGUESE HALF HOUR.
7.00 V.O.A. HIT PARADE.
7.30 EXCERPTS FROM "FANNY"—A MUSICAL PLAY BY HAROLD ROME. Sung by the Principals and Chorus of the Broadway Production. Overture; Restless heart; Why be afraid to dance; Shika Shika; Welcome home; I like you; I have to tell you; Fanny; Wedding Dance; Finale Act I.
7.59 WEATHER REPORT.
8.00 TIME SIGNAL AND THE NEWS (LONDON RELAY).
8.09 COMMENTARY (LONDON RELAY) OR SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
8.15 SUITE FROM THE BALLET "THE GOOD - HUMOURED LADIES." (Scarlatti) — Vienna State Opera Orch. conducted by Franz Litschauer.
8.30 JOURNEY INTO SPACE. Written and produced by Charles Chilton. Episode 15.
9.00 TIME SIGNAL. WHAT'S THE FORM (RECORDED LONDON RELAY).
9.15 PIANO RECITAL BY HARRY ORE (CONCERT HALL).
9.45 AT THE OPERA. "Falstaff" Act 3 (Verdi). Falstaff, Giuseppe Valdengo; Fenton, Antonio Madasi; Ford, Frank Guarrera; Dr Caius, Gabor Carelli; Pistol, Norman Scott; Mistress Ford, Herva Nelli; Nannetta, Teresa Stitch-Randall; Mistress Page, Nan Merriman; Mistress Quickly, Cloe Elmo—Arturo Toscanini and the NBC Symphony Orch., The Robert Shaw Chorale conducted by Robert Shaw.
10.35 TIME FOR DANCING.
Et Bailler et Dormir — Noel Chiboust and his Orch.; Tu Piel De Jasmin—Tito Fuggi and his Orch.; Une Nuit a Mereve—Tito Fuggi and his Orch.; Mambo No. 100 — Noel Chiboust and his Orch.; Artists de Paris—Noel Chiboust and his Orch.; Got you on my mind—Jerry Mengo and his Orch.; Adorable—Tito Fuggi and his Orch.; Anna—Jerry Mengo and his Orch.; Rag of Rags—Jerry Mengo and his Orch.
10.59 WEATHER REPORT.
11.00 TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NEWSREEL (LONDON RELAY).
11.09 GOODNIGHT MUSIC. Beyond the Blue Horizon; Can't help singing; Waltz in Water-Colours; Midnight in Mayfair; Way to the Stars; Scrub Brother, Scrub, Heigh-Ho Whistle while you work; It's a lovely day tomorrow — The Melachrino Orch.
GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.
11.30 CLOSE DOWN.

Friday

7.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL AND OPENING MARCH.
7.02 LIGHT MUSIC.
7.15 NEWS SUMMARY.
7.20 TOP O' THE MORN.
7.45 WEATHER REPORT.
8.00 TIME SIGNAL, NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
8.10 MUSIC IN THE AIR.
9.00 CLOSE DOWN.
12.15 p.m. STUDIO: ROMAN CATHOLIC PRAYERS. By the Rev. Father R. W. Gallagher, S.J.
12.30 PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
12.32 JOURNEY INTO MELODY.
1.00 TIME SIGNAL.
1.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
1.30 MUSIC OF THE MASTERS.
2.00 CLOSE DOWN.

6.00 TIME SIGNAL AND PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
6.03 CHILDREN'S HALF HOUR. "The Adventures of Clara Chuff"—by Harry Harrison. No. 11: 'The Flying Scarecrow.'
6.30 POPULAR SONG PARADE. Ridin' into love — Dean Martin (vocal); The Bandit; Crystal Ball—The Johnston Brothers (vocal), acc. by Johnny Douglas; No letter today —Les Paul (guitar) and Mary Ford (vocal); Unchained Melody; From Here to Eternity — Ray Hamilton (vocal); Lover—Lover—John Weber (vocal); Tarrier Song—Frankie Laine and the Norman Luboff Choir (vocal); Bubbles—Frankie Laine with the Mellomen (vocal); Zoo Baby; Nobody Home—Guy Mitchell (vocal) with Chorus.
7.00 SUNDOWN SERENADE. The Melachrino Orch. Dusk; Serenade in the Night; Moonlight and Roses; Star Dust; Evensong; Two Sleepy People; Liebestraum; You were meant for me; Two Cigarettes in the dark; Blue Room.
7.30 "VIEWPOINT." A weekly magazine devoted to the Arts edited and introduced by Janet Tomblin. Books: Reviewed by Aileen Dekker, "The Day of the Fox' by Norman Lewis; 'Hospital Corridors' by Mary Burchell. "Aspects of the Cinema" by Hugh Sullivan -No. 5.
7.59 WEATHER REPORT.
8.00 TIME SIGNAL AND THE NEWS (LONDON RELAY).
8.09 COMMENTARY (LONDON RELAY) OR SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
8.15 ARTIST OF THE WEEK. Felke Asma (organ). Largo from Concerto Grosso Op. 3 No. 11 in D minor (Vivaldi); Toccata (J. Grison); Cantilene from Sonata, No. 11 (J. Rheinberger).
8.30 TAKE IT FROM HERE. Dick Bentley and Jimmy Edwards with Wallas Eaton, Alma Cogan, June Whitfield.
9.00 TIME SIGNAL. STUDIO: MUSIC LOVERS' HOUR — CLASSICAL REQUESTS. Presented by Aileen Dekker. Mozart: Sonta in A major, K. 331; Brahms: Violin Concerto in D major Op. 77.
10.00 BOULEVARD CAFE. Le Gamin de Paris — Patachou (vocal); L'Abeille et le Papillon — Henri Salvador (vocal); Ni Toi, Ni Moi—Florence Passy (vocal); Il Peut Pleuvoir — Jacques Brel (vocal); Les Feuilles Mortes—Juliette Greco (vocal); Parlez-Moi D'Amour — Lucienne Boyer (vocal).
10.15 LETTER FROM AMERICA. By Alistair Cooke (London Relay Recorded).
10.30 THANKS FOR THE MEMORY. A programme of music played by Carroll Gibbons and his Orchestra.
10.59 WEATHER REPORT.
11.00 TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NEWSREEL (LONDON RELAY).
11.09 GOODNIGHT MUSIC. White Horse Inn; Dancing with Zeller; Lehar in Waltz-time—The Vienna Broadcasting Orch. conducted by Heinz Sandauer and Hans Schneider.
GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.
11.30 CLOSE DOWN.

BBC Overseas Shortwave Programmes

(6.30 p.m. to 12.15 a.m. on 15.070 Mc/s, 19.91m and on 17.810 Mc/s, 16.84m)

SATURDAY, SEPT. 17

6.30 p.m. THIS DAY AND AGE.
6.40 FROM THE EDITORIALS.
6.45 ALBERT DELROY. (Accordion).
7.00 'SHOUT FOR JOY.'
7.30 'THE FORTUNES OF NIGEL.' The novel by Sir Walter Scott. 7—'Through the Traitor's Gate.'
8.00 THE NEWS.
8.09 COMMENTARY.
8.15 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
8.25 Report from the WEST COUNTRY.
8.30 FORCES' FAVOURITES.
9.00 FROM THE WEEKLIES.
9.15 TODAY'S COMPOSER. Prokofiev (on records).
9.30 SCOTTISH MAGAZINE.
10.00 THE NEWS.
10.09 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
10.15 LISTENERS' CHOICE.
11.00 Big Ben. RADIO NEWSREEL.
11.15 BBC ORCHESTRA.
11.45 ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL. A commentary on the second half of one of the day's Scottish League Cup quarter finals.

SUNDAY, SEPT. 18

6.30 p.m. TODAY'S COMPOSER. Schumann (on records).
6.40 FROM THE EDITORIALS.
6.45 BBC SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.
7.15 Marjorie Westbury in 'SEVEN STAGES.' By Stella Margetson. 6—'Mother and Son.'
7.30 A ROMAN CATHOLIC SERVICE. From St Augustine's Abbey, Ramsgate, Kent, conducted by the Rev. Dom Bernard C. Waldron, O.S.B.
8.00 THE NEWS.
8.09 COMMENTARY.
8.15 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
8.30 IN TOWN TONIGHT.
9.00 PERCY FRENCH Entertainer. The story and songs of a lovable Irishman. The part of Percy French is played and sung by Robert Irwin.
9.45 GOLDSBROUGH ORCHESTRA.
10.00 THE NEWS.
10.09 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
10.15 FOR CHILDREN 'Treasure Island.' By R. L. Stevenson. 1—The Start of a Great Adventure.'
11.00 Big Ben. RADIO NEWSREEL.
11.15 CONCERTO. in A minor, by Piano Concerto Schumann, played by Ross Pratt.

MONDAY, SEPT. 19

6.30 p.m. PIANO MUSIC (records).
6.40 FROM THE EDITORIALS.
6.45 SOUTHERN SERENADE ORCHESTRA.
7.30 'MURDOCH IN MAYFAIR.'
8.00 THE NEWS.
8.09 COMMENTARY.
8.15 SPORTS REVIEW.
8.30 MUSIC FOR DANCING.
9.15 TODAY'S COMPOSER. Purcell (on records).
9.30 ENGLISH MAGAZINE.
10.00 THE NEWS.
10.09 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
10.15 GRAND HOTEL.
11.00 Big Ben. RADIO NEWSREEL.
11.15 Peter Coke and Marjorie Westbury in 'PAUL TEMPLE AND THE MADISON MYSTERY.' A serial in eight parts, by Francis Durbridge. 6—'Just a Red Herring.'

TUESDAY, SEPT. 20

6.30 p.m. THIS DAY AND AGE. 'The International Congress on Criminology.'
6.40 FROM THE EDITORIALS.
6.45 LORRAE DESMOND 'In Search of Fame.'
7.00 LAWS AND LIBERTIES. The third of a series of four programmes recalling famous cases which illustrate the rights and liberties of the individual under English law. Regina v John Burns and Others—1886. In which the principle was established that a person cannot be convicted of sedition unless there is clear evidence of a seditious intent; and that is a question of fact for the jury.
7.30 COMMONWEALTH CLUB.
8.00 THE NEWS.
8.09 COMMENTARY.
8.15 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
8.25 Five Minutes for FARMERS.
8.30 FORCES' FAVOURITES.
9.00 THE CHAMELEONS.
9.15 TODAY'S COMPOSER. Liszt (on records).
9.45 ULSTER MAGAZINE.
10.00 THE NEWS.
10.09 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
10.15 LONDON PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA.
11.00 Big Ben. RADIO NEWSREEL.
11.15 'HOW DO YOU DO?'
9.45 BETWEEN THE LINES. Christian opinion on some of the things we read about.
10.00 THE NEWS.
10.09 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
10.15 PAVILION ORCHESTRA.
11.00 Big Ben. RADIO NEWSREEL. A programme summary follows at 11.09.
11.15 MALTA G. C. THE GOLDEN ISLAND. A programme on life in the Island.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 22

6.30 p.m. THIS DAY AND AGE.
6.40 FROM THE EDITORIALS.
6.45 THE BILLY MAYERL RHYTHM ENSEMBLE.
7.00 JAZZ IN THE MAKING.
7.30 'STARSTRUCK.'
8.00 THE NEWS.
8.09 COMMENTARY.
8.15 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
8.25 Report from the NORTH OF ENGLAND.
8.30 'WHAT'S THE FORM?'
8.45 'LINGER AWHILE.'
9.15 TODAY'S COMPOSER. ELGAR
9.30 WELSH MAGAZINE.
10.00 THE NEWS.
10.09 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
10.15 NORTHERNERS Isobel Baillie 'The eminent Northcountry woman talks about her life and work.
11.00 Big Ben. RADIO NEWSREEL.
11.15 'ALL MY EYE AND KITTY BLUETT.'
11.45 SERIOUS ARGUMENT.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 23

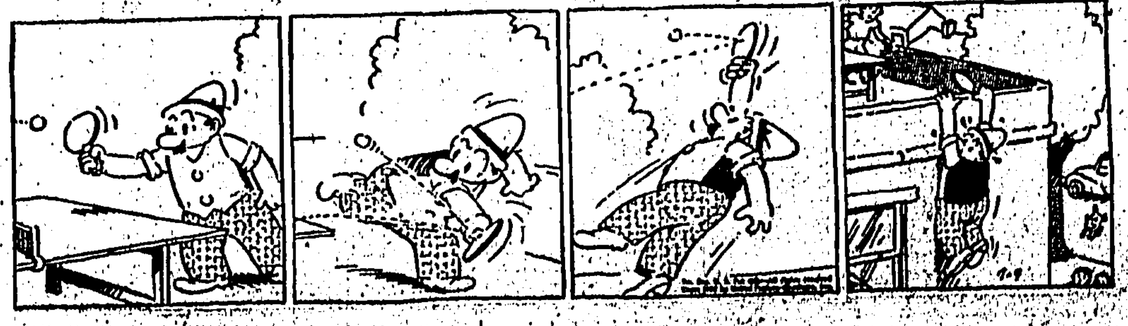
6.30 p.m. 'JOHNNY MORRIS GET A JOB.'
6.40 FROM THE EDITORIALS.
6.45 CHARLES SMART. At the theatre organ.
7.00 'PAUL TEMPLE AND THE MADISON MYSTERY.'
7.30 RECORD RENDEZVOUS.
8.00 THE NEWS.
8.09 COMMENTARY.
8.15 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
8.25 Report from the MIDLANDS.
8.30 MARCHING AND WALTZING.
9.15 TODAY'S COMPOSER. Sarasate (on records).
9.30 THE BILLY MAYERL RHYTHM ENSEMBLE.
9.45 LETTER FROM AMERICA. By Alistair Cooke.
10.00 THE NEWS.
10.09 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
10.15 REGINALD LEOPOLD. And his Orchestra.
11.00 Big Ben. RADIO NEWSREEL.
11.15 Radio Theatre presents 'AN ARMISTICE WITH TRUTH' ('La Verite est Morte'). Translated and adapted by Peter Watts from the play by Emmanuel Robles.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 21

6.30 p.m. SAM POLLOCK.
6.40 FROM THE EDITORIALS.
6.45 PIANO PLAYTIME Ivor Dennis at the Piano.
7.00 THE ARCHERS. A story of country folk.
7.30 NEW RECORDS.
8.00 THE NEWS.
8.09 COMMENTARY.
8.15 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
8.25 Report from SOUTH-EAST ENGLAND.
8.30 'BLACKPOOL NIGHT.'
9.30 MUSIC MAGAZINE. 'The Operas of Bellini,' by Harold Rosenthal; 'Pastiche in Music,' by William Mann.

FERD'NAND

By Mik





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TCHAIKOVSKY
Concerto No. 1 in B flat minor op 23.
Clifford Curzon with George Szell conducting the New Symphony Orchestra.

CHOPIN
Concerto No. 2 in F minor, op 21.
Artur Rubinstein with the NBC Symphony Orchestra conducted by William Steinberg.

SCHUMANN
Concerto in A minor op 54.
Benno Moiseiwitsch with the Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Otto Ackermann.

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THE BIG KICK-OFF IS SEVEN DAYS AWAY

THE TURF'S IN SHAPE, THE REFEREES' EYES HAVE BEEN TESTED

By I. M. MacTAVISH

The big kick-off for the 1955 season is only seven days away. At such a time there are doubtless some who might crave the mystic powers of the clairvoyant while others, happy in the whole glorious uncertainty of what is surely the greatest of all team games, are content to take their football as it comes.

Such an attitude is neither indicative of apathy or indifference: rather is it founded on that praiseworthy spirit of hope and optimism that somehow permeates the physical structure of all who find their sporting entertainment, their recreation, their thrills, and even their living, in the game.

In this respect Hongkong is little different from a thousand and one other soccer centres. Football is the main topic in conversation in many corners—some bright and open, others maybe just a little shady—but with all the recent migrations going on among the top stars the man-in-the-stand is going to be pushed to the limit to decide just where his personal loyalty should be.

In this he will be torn between seeing his favourite player in unfamiliar colours, or watching unfamiliar faces in the colours of his favourite team.

So much has already been said and written about the reason for all these inter-team moves that it is neither purposeful nor expedient to say very much about it here but to the watchful observer it seems that as long as the domestic affairs of the Hongkong Football Association remain almost entirely in the hands of active club officials little can be done about making any administrative changes.

No official is going to risk backing a motion—no matter how desirable and idealistic it might be—if it is aimed at stopping a practice in which his own team is, or may be, involved.

WEARING THIN

The truth of the matter at the moment is that however cordial relations may appear to be between the officials of the various Chinese clubs and between players and officials too it is little more than a superficial veneer well polished but wearing thin in some places very thin.

One of our leading Chinese officials said to me only the other day that he found it increasingly difficult to trust the world—or even the signature—of anyone. He told me too of some of the approaches made to his players and he explained something of the fondant in which these approaches were wrapped.

I am not and neither do I pretend to be an expert in Chinese affairs, but I have no reason to doubt the authenticity of what I have been told.... Nevertheless I must confess I was astonished by the sudden heated interjection from a third person who was present.

He said "When the policy of dog bites dog becomes an acceptable practice in any community, whether it is in sport or elsewhere, success will for a time go to the one who bites the deeper. I say 'for a time' because eventually the one who has been bitten will devise new and more powerful means both of defence and attack."

The suggestion is all too obvious but unless something is done to rid the game of the wholesale exploitation of our footballers who after all sign amateur forms for the various clubs, it is less obvious where it is all going to end.

One wonders if possible success is worth all this bitter annual upheaval. Maybe those who suggest that the HKFA provision for professionalism in Colony soccer should be invoked have the right idea. Certainly it would eliminate much of the sham of the present time and there is no more loss of prestige in being a good, competent professional footballer than there is in being an ordinary itinerant club-to-club amateur.

GROUNDS IN TOP SHAPE

I took a quick trip round the grounds on which senior games will be played and I was agreeably surprised to see them all in very good condition. It is obvious that the wet summer has done the turf a world of good.

I was particularly pleased to see that Caroline Hill has, superficially at least, made a good recovery from the ruthless caning it got towards the end of last season and during the earlier progress of the Summer League.

At the moment it is looking verdant and soft but the real test will be in the ability of the new turf to stand up to another heavy programme.

The Club sward looks magnificent and is a tribute to the work of the ground staff. The Club officials, of course, have not permitted any abuse so far, but there is no doubt that the ground is in even better shape now than it was at this time a year ago.

Boundary Street is once again immaculate, and the Royal Navy pitch at Causeway Bay looks ready to stand up to a tough season. The Army Sports Ground at Sookunpoo has been used recently for purposes other than football and the normally rich turf has suffered considerably.

Already bare and discoloured patches are clearly visible from the road and unless the ground staff can achieve a remedial masterpiece it looks as though the pitch will be very hard and the turf very thin before the season is far advanced.

That leaves the controversial Government Stadium. It is difficult indeed to find superlatives to describe the playing pitch which must be bettered by few the soccer world over. One can only hope it is going to be put to good use.

I also took a walk over to the Valley were so many tough junior struggles will take place in the months to come. The pitches are looking trim and green and as far as the playing surfaces are concerned there will be no cause for complaint from those players whose games take them there.

APPROVED EYES

Since the introduction of the modern referee into football he has been a natural target for partisan derision of the folks who take up their position beyond the touchline.

That is true whether the touchline sages are ordinary spectators, club officials, press reporters or radio commentators. Some phrases have only to be quoted and the implied subject can be identified without difficulty by the ardent soccer follower.

'Dig a hole for him'....'Swop your whistle for a harp'.... 'Shut up and restore order'.... are a few anti-referee slogans that come quickly to mind, but recent events in Hongkong have put an untimely death to a top favourite that has been heard in Britain's football grounds for countless years.... 'Pawn your whistle and buy a pair of spectacles'.

The eye-testing of our officials has now been almost completed by a special committee of the HKFA. No longer will the man in the middle be able to ask 'Do these old eyes of mine deceive me....?' for in the Association's wee black book there is recorded proof of the visual efficiency of all our whistlers.

Just in case there are those who think that this innovation is something peculiar to the Colony I would point out that for years the home associations have had special charts and diagrams designed for this very purpose, while FIFA introduced similar charts some years ago.

The tests are simple and practical. They are related essentially and scientifically to the referee's job on the field of play and I think that our officials did the game and themselves a good turn when they presented themselves for the tests the other evening.



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EVENING OUT FOR SPORTSMEN



Sportsmen and sportswomen had an evening out when they met at a London hotel for the annual "Sportsmen's Party." Ted Drake (left) manager of Chelsea Football Club, who is very optimistic about his team's chances this coming season, chatted happily to boxer Len Harvey who is now retired and runs a public house near London.—London Express Photo.

Goals And More Goals Will Bring The Crowds & Gold Back To Soccer

Says DON REVIE

Goals and still more goals will bring the gold back into the game. Those were my feelings when I read of the 182 goals scored in last Saturday's 46 League games.

I sympathise with the goalkeepers who had the thankless task of fishing the ball out of the net so frequently. But who can deny that the busier the goalkeepers the happier are the crowds?

Naturally all Soccer supporters are excited by the wonderful performance of Wolves in scoring 19 goals in three matches. Have they picked up something new in tactics when they toured Russia before the start of the season? At least they have learned the vital lesson that physical fitness is not enough.

It is worth noting too that on the present hard grounds Wolves are using the short passing game so favoured by Continentals. This, plus their usual zip and fitness, has brought these spectacular results. And then, one must remember that every one of the Wolves' forwards is a potential goalscorer.

How many League teams can boast the same free scoring attack?

NEW ATTACK

I asked Billy Wright and Roy Swinbourne for thier impressions of the Moscow Dynamos and Spartak. They replied: "Those chaps are so fast they could catch rabbits!"

This was before the match in which Wolves trounced Manchester City 7-2. So afterwards I cornered Wright and Swinbourne with: "Don't tell me the Russians are any faster than you chaps: if they are, I don't want to meet them!"

Yes, it is obvious that the Wolves' trip to Russia has put a new edge on to their play.

But their policy of fast attacking raids is also evident in other teams this season. I think this is a good thing. The sooner we cut out that negative defensive play, the better it will be for the game. Several teams this season have tried to overcome the stopper centre-half by adopting Manchester City's deep centre-forward style of play.

Wing halves are also more on the attack this year and this naturally gives the opposing inside-forwards more room to manoeuvre.

Of course there are still those who will say: "You mustn't take risks in defence, you must stop the other side scoring first, and hope you can grab a goal." But in the golden era of the game, football was never defensive.

GOALS DRAW CROWDS

Take a look at the figures: From 1888-92 an average of 4.37 goals were scored in every League game.

When full backs started to play offside tactics goal scoring slumped to an average of 2.39 a game in the season 1922-23.

As soon as the present offside law was adopted, scoring soared again until in 1931-32 an average of 3.68 goals were scored in every League match.

After the recent war the goal average slipped down again to 2.77 in 1949-50. This, I would say, was due to bad attacking play as much as tight defence.

Now once more the goals are coming. Let them come in a torrent. More goals mean better football — and that's what pulls the crowds in, not a 0-0 draw.

Footballers claim, and in my view quite rightly, that they are tied hand and foot once they sign for a League club. Now there is talk in some quarters of GAGGING players as well. Several prominent people in the game, including managers, are suggesting that professional footballers should be barred from writing for the Press.

FREE SPEECH

Frankly I was shocked when I heard this. Since when have footballers been denied free speech? Are we a class apart from the rest of the nation?

I suppose this is a follow-up to the numerous articles which have appeared from time to time by famous players. In many cases I have never agreed with what the players wrote, but I would defend their right to say what they felt about the game.

What can be more farcical than demanding a rule whereby players should submit newspaper articles to their clubs before they were printed? Fancy an article being handed into the club offices on Monday; read by the Board on Tuesday; censored by them and then graciously passed on to the newspaper concerned. This type of suppression has no part in modern Soccer.

The fact is that footballers have a point of view; and very often the only way they can put it over is through the Press. So let's hear no more about trying to keep their mouths shut. The game needs goodwill, controversy and new ideas. And you'll never get those by censorship.

Certain individuals may get hot under the collar because players freely express what is wrong with the game, but in football, as in other walks of life, full and frank comment, however unpalatable it may be to certain clubs and officials, will, in the long run, do nothing but good.

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Boxer Who Broke A Policeman's Nose Is Back In Town

BY GEORGE WHITING

London.

Professional boxing being a highly commercialised venture, we all went tremendously ga-ga when a Cuban Heavyweight arrived here to earn £4,000 and uttered plaintive bleats about the colour of his pants.

By contrast, nobody gave two hoots when another kind of Heavyweight, an English amateur, returned home from distant parts with the laudable idea of making a comeback in the cause of sport.

In a humble effort to redress this regrettably unbalanced state of affairs let me announce that Ray Miles, one of the heaviest punchers seen in London since the war is among us again, and renewing his membership of the Polytechnic BC.

ALARM

Miles, before he left for an aircraft fitter's job in Canada 18 months ago, had been Heavyweight Champion of the RAF and London, and a full-scale international against Austria.

He learned his boxing with Stowe BC, and, until a tendency to bleed rather freely from the nose led to a premature "retirement," his forthright hooking spread considerable alarm and despondency among the Heavyweights of his day.

Eddie Hearn, Joe Erickmar, Peter Toch, Arthur Worrall, Albert Darvill and Jack Gardner's two brothers will all bear witness to the quality of Ray Miles's hammering.

Of his 52 contests, he won 44. My own pet Miles memory is of the night at the Albert Hall when he put a policeman in hospital with a broken nose.

Well, he is now back in town, 26 years old, weighing 14 stone, and eager for the kind of action that might catch the selectorial eye of the London ABA.

By the way, he tells me he has no intention of turning professional, which is a story I seem to have heard before somewhere.

—*(London Express Service).*
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SPORTS QUIZ

1. When were the "Ashes" orginated and how did they get their name?
2. When did a Great Britain representative last win a Men's Olympic field-events title?
3. Who is the only player to have won the Men's Singles in the Wimbledon, French, American and Australian Championships in the same year?
4. Has a batsman ever hit his first century in first-class cricket in a Test Match? If so, who?
5. How many balls are used in Snooker?
6. In what sport are events started by the national flag of the country in which the event is held?
7. The World—Heavyweight boxing title has only once been won on a foul. Who beat whom and when?
8. What distance must a running race be before it can officially be termed a "marathon"?
9. In which sport is the term "Double Oxer" used?
10. When may a golfer play his ball while it is moving?

(Answers See Page 17)

Only Injury Can Prevent Jones To Become The Most Capped Rugger Player

Will the evergreen Newport schoolmaster Ken Jones, Olympic sprinter and one of the fastest rightwing threequarters of the post-war era, become the most-capped player of all time by next April?

Judging by his scintillating performance for Brigadier H. L. Glyn-Hughes' six-country International XV against Blackheath in the customary all-star 'curtain-raiser' to the new season at Twickenham on September 3, only injury can prevent him exceeding George V. Stephenson's tally of 42 caps between 1921 and 1930.

Jones, an automatic choice for Wales since International rugby was resumed after the war, has now won thirty-nine consecutive caps. He has also made several Test appearances for the British Isles during the Australian and New Zealand tour of 1950, but these do not count for this particular record. Wales will play 4 International matches this winter.

At Twickenham, he scored three superb tries, "made" another, and had another touch down disallowed after being bundled into the "touch-in-goal" area. In addition he stopped a seemingly certain Blackheath try by overhauling and bringing down his opposite number when he was in full cry for the line.

The game was only ten minutes old when the Newport flyer cut into the centre, drew the whole defence on to him, and sent in Ireland's centre N. J. Henderson over in the corner. And just before the interval he put the finishing touch to a movement started by A. B. Edwards.

BEST EFFORT

No player gathers a cross-kick while full out better than he does, and just before the end he collected a Regan cross near the 25-yard line and waltzed through despite attentions. His best effort was yet to come, however. In the dying seconds of the game he received a pass in his own half, made ground fast and kicked inside for two forwards to carry on the good work. When they were stopped just inside the 25-yard area, out went the ball back to Jones, who had followed up, and he went on to round the full-back and touch down.

Ken is 32 years old, but keeps superbly fit and remains out on his own as a winger. Popular wherever rugby is played, his phenomenal success has never affected his natural modesty. I remember him telling me rather anxiously, a few years ago, when he had a wrist injury in November: "I must get this wrist right in time for the Trials. Once you're out, the selectors forget you, and you may never get back in the side."

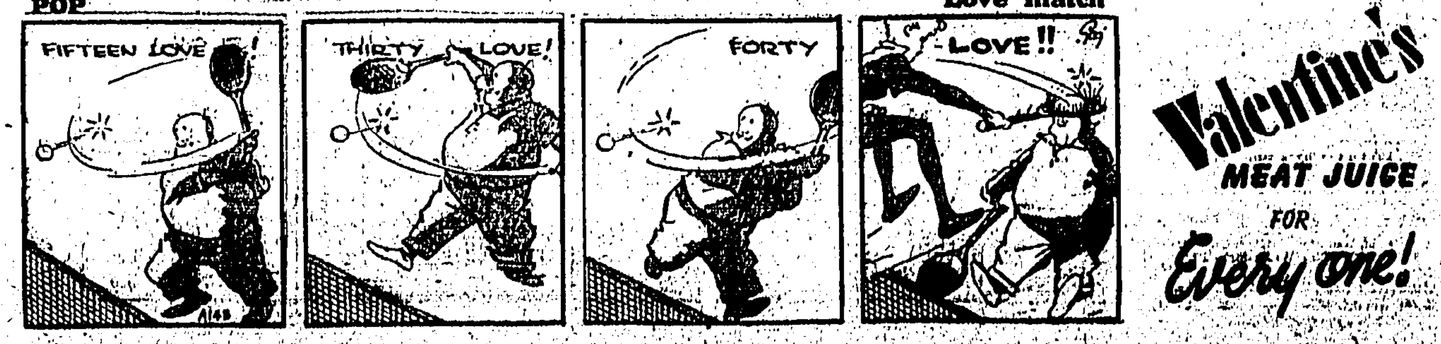
Forget him? Why, this generation will never forget the dark, lean greyhound who has graced so many games with his outstanding ability and that remarkable sixth sense for the impending loose ball, and his achievements will remain as an inspiration to future legions of players.

SUPERIOR WEIGHT

Blackheath, the "Club" and Rugby's senior club, founded 97 years ago, put up a stout fight for three-quarters of the game, but then collapsed under the superior weight of the International pack and the greater thrust of the backs to lose a pleasant, open game 36-14.

Encouraging news for England was that Martin Regan, the Liverpool and Lancashire outside-half, was an quick-thinking, fast off the mark and incisive as ever. Duclen Roge, the French left-winger, scored one fine try; the Italian G. Ricardi was outstanding in the line-outs, and his compatriot G. Fornari worked very hard in the loose and scored one try.

Regan's old rival Mike Hardy, of the Duke of Wellington's Regiment, turned out for Blackheath with his brother-officer Denis Shuttleworth. The latter gave a good service from scrum-half, but Hardy, well as he kicked — he scored one neat dropped goal — did not handle well and his game needs sharpening up considerably before he has a chance to regain the England status he won before serving in Korea.



WEEK-END BOWLS

OPEN FINALS TOMORROW; GUTIERREZ SHIELD MATCHES TODAY

By "TOUCHER"

One Third Division match this afternoon between Police and Kowloon Cricket Club concludes the 1955 League and the Lawn Bowls season moves on to its next annual feature — the Gutierrez Shield International competition.

A modification of the rules for the competition, which allows a maximum of two teams to be entered by each nation, has resulted in a record number of 22 entries this year, representing no fewer than 13 nations.

Ten teams have drawn byes and the competition starts this afternoon with 12 teams playing off their first round matches at the Kowloon Bowling Green Club starting at 3.30 p.m.

I stand for correction, but I understand that to make the competition still more interesting the Association Committee have adopted in their drawing the system of placing the teams from one nation in different halves so that they will not clash against each other. This is a commendable system, provided that the two teams of one nation do not reach the final.

Starting as favourites will again be Portugal, who won the series in 1953 and 1954. Two teams have been entered by this nation, and of the two the "B" team which consists of A. P. Pereira, L. M. Rodrigues, C. Roza-Pereira and C. E. Passos seems to be the stronger and more balanced. They will be pitted against Persia this afternoon and should have matters much their own way.

FORMIDABLE FOUR

The Portugal "A" team, comprising A. V. Lopes, F. X. M. da Silva, J. E. Noronha and R. F. Luz, though probably slightly weak in the front line, are still a formidable four. They will be up against India's S. Ramchand, A. R. Minu, A. K. Minu and Jeff Hoosen. The Portuguese should win, but I don't think that they will find it as easy as it appears on paper.

China, last year's runners-up, will also be fielding two teams. Both are fairly well-balanced, though some sacrifice has been made in not attempting to concentrate all the nation's top bowlers into one rink.

The "A" team is expected to get past Wales this afternoon, but the "B" team consisting of F. Lee, J. Tang, C. C. Ma and W. Hong Sling may be provided a hard game by Switzerland, who will be greatly handicapped by the absence of Joe Landolt.

A substitute has been found to make up Switzerland's four and unless he proves to be a real dark-horse, the odds will be in favour of the China team.

The two other first-round International matches today will see the two Philippines teams clash with Ireland and Pakistan. Ireland's G. Agnew, W. McColl, Tom Kavanagh and Stanley Leonard have a slight edge over the Philippines "A" line-up of W. R. Espina, F. Tan, I. S. Castro, and C. A. Coelho, and Pakistan's J. Ackber, S. Bucks, A. H. Abbas and K. M. Omar appear to be that shade superior to the Philippines "B" four of A. E. H. Castro, M. G. Barros, R. Basa and R. G. Laurel.

OPEN SINGLES FINAL

Tomorrow the Colony Lawn Bowls Open Championships reach their penultimate stages with the play-off of the finals of two of the four annual events—the Open Singles and the Open Triples. These will be played at Taikoo starting at 4 p.m. The finals of the two remaining events, the Pairs and the Rinks, are scheduled for next Sunday at the Kowloon Bowling Green Club.

Opinions among local bowlers are divided as to who will be crowned Colony Singles Champion this year. On recent performances Liddell stood well above the 1953 Champion, M. B. Hassan.

Both against Hong Sling and Raoul Luz, Liddell bowled like a champion, matching skill against skill and brilliant tactical play against experience. At the conclusion of the recent semi-final match when Liddell beat Luz by 21-10, veteran Bradbury who has seen many gigantic battles in the past had this to say, "Liddell played one of the finest games I have seen for a very long time". It was a deserving compliment, for time and again in that match, Liddell came in to rest a toucher for the shot. Reproduction of the same form or anywhere near it will I think make Liddell the new Colony champion.

Hassan has so far not been drawing too consistently, but has always two staple shots up his sleeve—the resting shot and that of trailing the jack. He was outdrawn by G. C. Norman in an average of three woods each head in his match in the 1953 final and yet his fourth one invariably did the damage.

It should be an excellent final, with quite a variety of shots and tactics.

OPEN TRIPLES FINAL

The Triples final will feature the two Craigengower combinations of George Hong Choy, Fred Madar and Stanley Leonard and C. K. Sung, A. H. Seemin and C. C. Ma. On paper and on recent performances, the former three are the superior combination, but to Sung, Seemin and Ma must be credited a grand fighting spirit which is never at its best than when pitted against superior odds.

Sung-Seemin-Ma made a successful switch last week when Seemin forewent his skip's position and played at No. 2. What is often forgotten and overlooked in many a formation of a rink or a triple in the craze for skipping is that just as important as a reliable skip is also someone who will make the play—someone who can change or turn a defensive position into an offensive one.

Should Seemin play at No. 2, then the whole complex of tomorrow's Triples final will depend on the form of the two No. 2s, Fred Madar and Seemin. The ability of one to outbowl the other, especially in drawing, will be the deciding factor.

TWO MORE EVENTS

Two more official events remain to be played before the Lawn Bowls season officially concludes—this year with the Lawn Bowls Association Ball at Peninsula Hotel in November. These are the Inter-Hong pairs and the Aitkenhead Shield match.

On the whole, the League and the Championships have gone extremely well despite the vagaries of the weather. Contributing to the successful running of these events has been the excellent co-operation of clubs and players, but here a word of praise must be extended to the indefatigable efforts of the Association's Hon. Secretary, Mr R. B. Marshall, the man behind the scenes.

Time may not permit it, but if feasible an excellent suggestion has come from one of our local bowlers, that there be instituted an annual match between the Champions of each division and the rest.

TODAY'S GAMES

Third Division

KCC v PRC

Gutierrez Shield

China "A" v Wales
Philippines "A" v Ireland
Portugal "A" v India
China "B" v Switzerland
Philippines "B" v Pakistan
Portugal v Persia.

Famous Sports Stars I Have Met

Stan Seymour

By ARCHIE QUICK

Stan Seymour is a Geordie if ever there was one. A blunt forthright character born and bred on the bleak North East Coast, and almost as difficult for a Southerner to understand in speech as a Parisian talking to a Breton.

Mr Seymour, now Chairman of famous Newcastle United, started at St James's Park as an insignificant professional. He rose to the top of the tree, gaining "caps" for England and scoring a vital winning goal in the 1924 Cup Final at Wembley again Aston Villa.

It will always be as Chairman, Director and Honorary Manager that "Stan" will be best remembered. He is Mr Newcastle United himself. Managers have come and gone, but, like Tennyson's brook, Seymour goes on for ever. Almost on his own he has bought and sold players for fabulous sums, but, despite the cry that Newcastle buys success, there is always a shrewd credit balance at every season's end.

And because new and famous faces appear and disappear in United's ranks season after season interest is maintained sufficiently for United to be just about the best supported team in the First Division.

PERSONALITY

Seymour is a character. He exudes personality; even his many enemies admit that. Len Shackleton, for instance! His thoroughness has brought the Newcastle scouting system in Scotland to such a fine art that not a single promising junior slips through the net—unless the fish gets away to Portsmouth, who are equally thorough North of the Border.

Mr Seymour is also an enigma—a democratic dictator. The players who serve him well, such as Jackie Milburn, cannot speak too highly of him. Visitors to St James's Park cannot find hospitality dispensed more liberally anywhere. But woe betide the man who crosses swords with him—Shackleton was one; Ivor Broadis is another, and Roy Bentley yet a third. All three have personality too—hence the clash.

Seymour's greatest friend in football is Jack Tinn, ex-manager of Portsmouth. The hours they have spent out at Stan's lovely seaside house where he escapes from football and his sports outfitter's business, are innumerable. When Seymour decided he wanted a strong captain he took Jim Scoular, the stormy petrel of Portsmouth and Scotland. "You will not be able to do anything with him", said Tinn. Seymour has. He has moulded Scoular, the tough Glaswegian, into the most admirable of skippers who took Newcastle to their latest Wembley triumph.

SPORTING SAM By Reg. Wootton



SPORTS SURVEY

England Far Behind In Games Facilities Says Roger Bannister

England is far behind other countries in providing facilities for young people, said Dr Roger Bannister, first man to run a Mile under four minutes and now a house surgeon at the Radcliffe Infirmary, Oxford, when he opened a fete on Hanborough playing field to mark the anniversary of the opening of the pavilion recently. Both field and pavilion were provided by the villagers of the two Hanboroughs.

He added: "Playing fields like this are extremely valuable and are greatly needed by this country at the moment. There are 500 running tracks in Britain, one-tenth of the number that exists in smaller countries like Finland.

It is really staggering to think of this discrepancy, and that we are able to produce athletes and sportsmen with the relatively poor facilities is indeed a measure of how much better we could do if all young people had those facilities provided for them."

OLDEST CRICKETER?

Is Alfred Lester ("Pop" to most in his native Yoxall in Staffordshire) England's oldest cricketer? This remarkable man, who started playing for the local club when he was 14 years old, won both batting and bowling cups of the club as long ago as 1900; and has carried his bat on three of his five appearances this summer, is 85 years of age. Though he now has a runner when he bats, he still does his own fielding from mid-off.

He started work as a blacksmith, later opened Yoxall's first garage, and is still working. He had 10 children, 11 grandchildren and three great-grandchildren. Two of his sons were killed at Mons in World War I while serving with the North Staffs; he himself was a Home Guard staff sergeant in the last war and won a cup for rifle shooting only six years ago.

• • •

A golfer who pulled his tee shot at the sixth hole of the nine-hole Hopeman golf course (Moray) prodded into the whins 30 yards to the left of the green and found a live 3 in. mortar bomb. The area is particularly popular with picnickers. The Hopeman course was part of a practice air bombing range during the war. A bomb disposal squad from Edinburgh exploded the mortar, and the County Council are pressing for a complete search of the area.

• • •

Umpiring in the Bootle v. Northern Liverpool competition match at Bootle, umpire W. Jenkinson narrowly escaped serious injury when a flying ball struck him a fraction of an inch above his eye. A Bootle batsman straightdrove a ball which hit the wicket at the bowler's end, uprooting a stump. The ball flew off and struck Mr Jenkinson who was crouching behind the stumps.

HIS FIRST FOUR

Roy Swinbourne, battling for his first International "cap" scored four goals for Wolves against Manchester City—his first "four" in the League. But he has four sets of three to his credit, and all were against Lancashire sides — Bolton Wanderers, Manchester City, Manchester United and Blackpool.

• • •

The Royal Army Pay Corps Training Centre, Devizes, won the Army Inter-Unit Swimming Championship with a total of 34½ points from five events. 9 Bn. RAOC, Donnington, and 1 Bn. Lancs Fusiliers BAOR tied for second place with 30 points each. The only man to win two individual titles was L/Corpl. J. Whitehead, of the Pay Corps (Devizes), who took the 100 yards and 220 yards Free-Style. The 9 Bn. RAOC beat the Pay Corps by nine goals to four in the Water Polo Championship Final.

• • •

Peter Ogden is a schoolmaster at Colne, Lancs, and they asked him to play for the Catholic Church in the local Sunday School League when the holidays came along. Peter has played five innings and scored 321—and each time he was not out. What an average.

• • •

Jack Rowley, English International with Manchester United and now manager of Plymouth, travelled all the way to Yorkshire to play for his team against Hull City. He has a broken wrist and intended to play in a plaster cast. But the referee said "No." It was a danger to the player and his opponents. So Rowley had to sit in the stands and watch. Porteous, a Hull lad, deputised and the story ends happily—Plymouth won.

• • •

Not many Third Division North clubs can boast three Internationals in their side. Southport can. They have got Andy McLaren, late of Preston and Scotland, and the two former English Amateur "caps" Bill Holmes and George Bromilow.

CRICKET DUTY

Halifax, trailing in Dvision Three North, have missed their manager, Willie Watson, one of the few men to have played cricket and football for England. He has been on cricket duty for Yorkshire and England and missed both Halifax's practice matches and first three League games.

• • •

The first football team ever to fly over the North Pole have arrived in England. They are the Kiwis from New Zealand and it took them four days by air to cross the world from the Antipodes to their Yorkshire headquarters on Ilkley Moor. They open their tour at Blackpool.

• • •

Holing out in one is a golfer's dream. Any player is proud to do it once, even if the cost at the nineteenth hole is high! Bill Whedon, a Connecticut amateur, aged 28, did it twice in one round at the Wethersfield Club in the city's open tournament. He achieved the feat at the fifth and ninth holes, but finished with a four-over-par 74.

• • •

The British Army representative Soccer eleven can field an all-International full back and half back defence. Possibles are Billy Foulkes (Manchester United and England), Alex Wilson (Portsmouth and Scotland), Stan Anderson (Sunderland and England "B"), Trevor Smith (Birmingham City and England "B") and Duncan Edwards (Manchester United and England).

• • •

Angler E. H. House, of the Southampton Club, dug up a king ragworm on Lepe Beach, New Forest (Hants), and it was 25 inches long. This is believed to be a record for England for this type of bait.

• • •

Fraser Athletic's two goalkeepers in Scotland are both named Spencer. Naturally, for Joe and Davie are brothers and keen rivals for the job guarding the net. A third brother Bob scores goals from centre-forward while his brothers try to keep them out.

• • •

Three members of Bristol Rovers' defence have a remarkable record of long service. In post-war matches Jackie Pitt has made 422 appearances for the first eleven, Ray Warren 413 and Harry Bomford 397. In addition, Warren played 77 games before the War.

Answers To Sports Quiz

1. In 1882, when Australia beat the full strength of England in England for the first time, "Sporting Times" printed a notice for English cricket saying "The body will be cremated and the ashes taken to Australia." Next winter when England won two out of the three matches some Melbourne women burnt a stump and presented the ashes in an urn to Ivo Bligh, the England leader.
2. In 1908 when Ahearne won the Hop, Step and Jump.
3. Donald Budge in 1938.
4. Yes, S.C. Griffith when he played for England against the West Indies in 1948.
5. 22 including the cue ball.
6. Motor racing.
7. Max Schmeling beat Jack Sharkey in the 4th round in New York, 1930.
8. At least 25 miles (40.23 km.).
9. Show jumping. It's a "spread" fence.
10. When the ball is in water.

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THE WEEK-END GAMBOLS . . . by Barry Appleby





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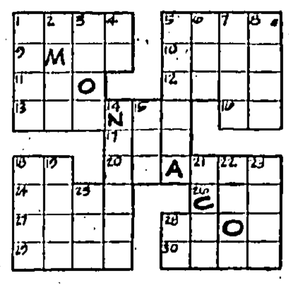
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YOUR PUZZLE CORNER

CROSSWORD

To help you solve this week's crossword puzzle, Cartoonist Cal has lettered in the name MONACO:



ACROSS

1 Tableland
5 East Indian woody vine
9 Amounts (ab.)
10 Finished
11 River (Sp.)
12 Volcano in Sicily
13 Remains erect
16 Paid notice in a newspaper
17 Eyes (Scot.)
18 Boy's nickname
20 Attends
24 Booty
26 Blood money
27 Sea eagle
28 Mexican peasant
29 River in Germany
30 Devotees

DOWN

1 Red planet
2 Exude
3 Greek portico
4 While
5 Town in Texas
6 Period
7 Feminine name
8 Conduct
14 Tidier
15 Morning moisture
18 On the sheltered side
19 Master
21 Frozen water (pl.)
22 Horse's gait
23 Male children
25 Individual
28 Jumbled type

DIAMOND

CLIMATE provides a centre for the diamond. The second word is "crafty"; third, "pigpen"; fifth, "periods of time"; and sixth is an abbreviation for "streets." Use the clues to finish the diamond:

C
L
I
CLIMATE
A
T
E

CODED MESSAGE

The Puzzleman used a simple code to make up a sentence about Monaco, but says you will have little trouble solving it when you know the first word is "Monaco's":

Lnmzbn'r ezld xr z sntqhrs qdrnqs hr vhedroqdze.

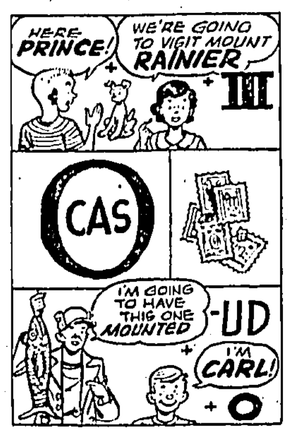
MIX-UPS

Here are three facts about Monaco. You'll find them by rearranging the letters in each strange line:

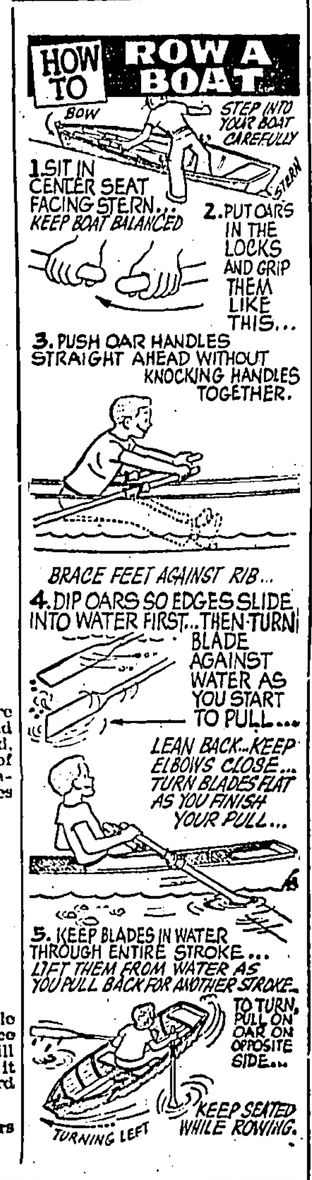
TEXAS NOME COIN
BOOT CAP ON MY LOCO
BLAB LAG STEM GIN

MONACO REBUS

Use the words and pictures to find the four facts about Monaco that the Puzzleman has concealed in his rebus:



(Solutions on Page 20)



AN INDIAN LEGEND

THE LITTLE CREATURES ARE NOT TO BE OFFENDED

IRELAND has its fairies and Leprechauns; Cornwall has its pixies, or so the legends tell us. Almost everybody has heard stories from the Old World of persons who have either seen fairies or have had a spell cast upon them by the little people.

Yet it may come as a surprise to many to learn that America also has its "Little People," a race of dwarfs who live (or lived), according to many Indian legends, underground or in caves, venturing out only at night.

The Cayugas believe that these "Little People" travel in pairs and have the power to inflict illness on those who offend them. Therefore, it was against tribal custom to molest them or seek to discover their hiding places. Many of the natives carved their figures from fruit pits, as a form of flattery, and scattered them where the dwarfs would be sure to find them. From time to time the Indians would come upon small rocks placed in a circle, these marking the council places of the little folk. Among the Six Nations Indians there are men still living who claim to have actually seen members of this pygmy race.



Algonquin believe in numerous forest elves. According to the Cherokees, the Little People are about two feet high and may be divided into four main groups, dwelling in such varied places as caves, lofts or among rushes.

How true are these legends? We know that there are dwarf races existing today in the jungles of South America, although these are nearer four feet than two. Remains of dwarfs have been discovered in Peru and, in 1830, two German travellers saw a living dwarf in South American jungles who was three feet, eight inches tall.

Although no pygmy remains have been found in the United States or Canada, it is possible that the Indian legends refer to an ancient race who once lived there. There must also be considered the theory of scientists who have suggested that the Indians migrated from Mexico —where the pygmies were a real people—and brought the stories with them.

★

The Onondagas have a legend that tells of one of their tribe who angered the tiny race. One of a party that found several of the Little People in a hole in a wall, the 18-year-old youth placed a huge stone over the hole so they couldn't get out. However, they squeezed through a crack and escaped. Shortly afterward the youth vanished. He did not return to his tribe until he was 96 years old, having been held prisoner for 78 years!

The Hurons tell of tiny footprints embedded in stone. The

Check Your Quiz Sense With These

EACH of the incomplete words below has lost three vowels. Complete them by putting the same vowel three times into each word. Do not change the order of the other letters.

1. CCN
2. NDL
3. RINC
4. BNN
5. VRYON
6. CMMDRE
7. NSAL
8. LMNT
9. FLR
10. NFNTE
11. TMRRW
12. NMIS
13. NINTN
14. MTATNG
15. RHDDENDRN
16. LBSTER

Answer to the first incomplete word is COCOON. You should get a perfect score on this quiz.

SOMETHING ALIKE

THE CREATURE listed in each of the groups has something in common with the object listed beside it.

1. Monkey—Kite
2. Elephant—Tree
3. Giraffe—Bottle
4. Elk—Band
5. Fish—Merchant
6. Zebra—American Flag
7. Bird—Stage
8. Rabbit—Cornstalk

WHAT AM I?

I walk and run and hop and skip.
When you are careful I don't slip.
You kick me 'round quite a bit.
When first we met we sure did fit.
What am I?

(Answers on Page 20)

Here's How The Tally Stick Tallied

JAMIE and Janie were breaking twigs and tossing them into the fireplace.

"They blaze up and make things so shiny," said Janie. "I love to watch them burn so fast." Then she glanced at Grandfather Reed and said, "Grandfather, tell us a story about breaking sticks."

"Well, I like to watch your bright blaze, too," said Grandfather, "and while I was watching you toss sticks I was thinking of the time when I was a small boy like Jamie here and used to try and try to make two sticks break in exactly the same shape."

"Could you do it, Grandfather?" asked Jamie.

• •

"Never," said grandfather. "In the long-ago days, sticks were called 'tallies' and were used for keeping accounts when people had no books for such purposes."

"Why, how could they?" asked Janie.

"Well, the tally was a plain stick; in which notches or other marks were cut. These notches showed the quantity of goods sold or the amount of money loaned. The tally-stick was used in many business dealings in olden days.

"When the marks were satisfactory to both the buyer and the seller, then the stick was split down the middle, and the buyer took one side and the seller the other.

"By and by, when the time for payment came, whoever had



the side of the stick that fitted perfectly to the piece held by the debtor was the one who could claim the money."

"That was a funny way to do business," spoke up Jamie.

"Yes, but it was said that there never was any dispute about a man's claim, because two sticks never break in the same shape. If the two pieces of the broken tally-stick tallied, no further proof was asked."

• •

"Was that kind of work called 'stickkeeping' like we call it 'bookkeeping' today?" asked Jamie.

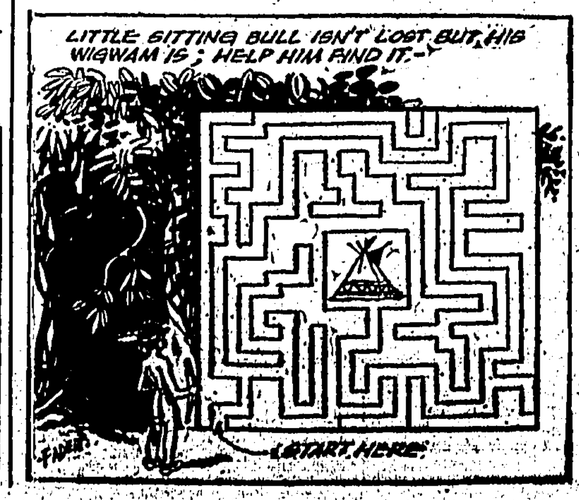
"Probably there was no name for it. But it was a good way, don't you think?" asked Grandfather Reed. "You have heard there are no two leaves exactly alike. Well, just remember there are no two twigs alike either."

—Julia Wolfe

CLEANER CHAIR



CAN YOU HELP HIM FIND THE WIGWAM?



TRY AN EXPERIMENT WITH FLOWERS

THE juices of certain flowers are sensitive to light. When they are expressed, spread on paper and dried, the paper can be used in the same way as any photographic printing-out paper. The green colouring matter of plants has the same quality.

Get juices of flowers by bruising in a china bowl or similar receptacle the petals of fresh flowers, adding a little wood alcohol, and squeezing the pulp through very fine cloth. Spread on paper the liquid you thus obtain. It is now ready for use as soon as it is dry.

Bear in mind, however, that you must coat the paper by artificial light, and dry it in the dark. Remember this!



★ ☆ ★

Suppose you wish to obtain chlorophyll, the green colouring matter of plants. Take the leaves of juicy plants, cover them with warm alcohol for 10 minutes, and then strain the matter through thin cloth.

To make a print, expose the paper to the sunlight under a negative. The action of the light fades, or bleaches, the unprotected parts of the paper.

The simple print is not permanent, but you can make a permanent picture in this way:

Prepare the paper in a dark room by brushing it over with a 10 percent solution of bichromate of potash, which you can buy at a pharmacy.

Dry the paper in the dark. You can prepare a number of sheets at one time and store them in tin boxes. It is best to drop into the box a small piece of calcium chloride, which will absorb all moisture.

To the juice of the flowers add a little liquid glue or a solution of gum arabic. Apply it to the paper by long, sweeping strokes of a flat camel's hair brush, drawn first one way on the paper and then at right angles.

Work by electric light; dry paper in the dark. Print under a negative until the image shows distinctly, then immerse the print in tepid water until the white becomes clear.

★ ☆ ★

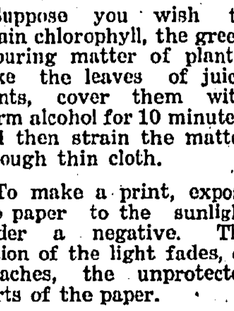
But don't be disappointed if the print does not always correspond with the colour of the flower from which it was made. The depth of tone depends on the colour of the flower used.

Crimson and scarlet flowers, like the peony and morning-glory, give strong tones; blues, purples and lavenders give more delicate tones. Juices of wild flowers, such as goldenrod, wild sage and laurel, give deeper tones than many tame plants.

Your prints will make lovely backgrounds for many scenes.

A Refreshing Change

WHEN I called at my favourite stamp shop during the recent heatwave I could not resist a set of winter sports stamps that have just arrived from Hungary.



These will be favourites with people who go in for thematic collecting—putting all sporting stamps into one section of their albums irrespective of the country of origin.

The new Hungarian set shows winter sports in almost every form. There are a boy and girl sledging, ski-jumping with the jumper leaning forward in the classical Olympic style, ice-hockey, long-distance ski-ing and ice yachting.

The action is taken from photographs and the stamps have the zip and freshness of a crack skier flashing downhill on a crisp alpine morning.

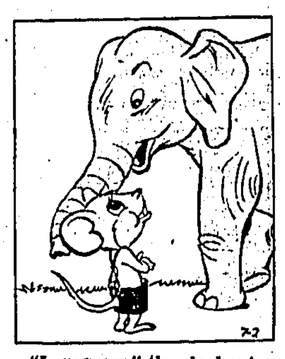
They all reflect the new realistic trend of Hungarian stamps. It is a refreshing change from the dim prints of peasants cutting wheat which most of us remember from our schooldays.

The winter sports set of five is perforated 12 and cost 1/- in London.—J.A.A.

Big Animal, Little Wish

— The Elephant Wanted To Be Small As A Mouse —

By MAX TRELL



"I envy you," the elephant said to the mouse.

TING-A-LING, who lived at the bottom of the Blue China Plate, put his arms around the shoulders of Knarf and Hanid and said: "Did I ever tell you the story of 'The Elephant Who Wanted To Be Small'?"

Knarf and Hanid replied that Ting-a-Ling had never told them this story. "We'd like very much to hear it," said Hanid.

So as they walked slowly alone the edge of the brook that ran through Blue China Plateland, Ting-a-Ling started telling his story.

Long Tusks

"Now, this elephant was a fine big fellow with enormous thick legs like tree-trunks and a great, heavy head and enormous long tusks. But for all that he was so big, he was still very gentle and very sad. He lived in the zoo. One day he met a tiny mouse.

"'My little friend,' said the elephant to the mouse, 'I have often envied you because you are so small.'

"The mouse squeaked in surprise: 'Why should a great elephant like you envy a tiny mouse like me?'

"The Elephant replied: 'It is not always good to be big. There are many things I could do if only I were as small as you are, Mouse.'

"'What things?' asked the mouse.

"'Well,' said the elephant, 'if I were as small as you, I could easily slip through the bars of this case.'

"'It would do you very little good,' said the mouse, 'to leave your cage. For then you would have to look for your own food. You would have to watch out for the cat who would pounce on you the instant she spied you.'

Cozy Nook

"The elephant thought about this for a few minutes. 'Yes,' he finally said. 'You are right about the cat. But how pleasant it must be to be able to crawl through a tiny hole and live in a cozy nook in the wall.'

"'No,' said the mouse. 'You are wrong. To you a hole in the wall seems cozy. But if you were as small as I am, the hole in the wall would appear just as enormous as this cage you are living in now.'

"'I envy the way you can climb,' said the elephant. 'If I could climb like you, I would eat only the tenderest leaves from the tops of the trees. I would spend all my time dozing on a twig.'

"The mouse shook his head. 'My dear Elephant, if you were a mouse, you wouldn't ever climb a tree. You'd just climb to the top of the cupboard, searching for crumbs.'

"'At any rate,' said the elephant, 'they'd never keep me in a zoo if I were as small as a mouse.'

Remarkable Creature

"'If you were as small as a mouse,' said the mouse, 'and you still looked like an elephant, you'd be the most remarkable creature in the whole world. They'd keep you so carefully that you'd never be able to have a moment to yourself. It's true that you live in a cage, but you are well liked by everyone. Your keeper treats you kindly. You are never hungry. All the children who come to visit at the zoo are sure to bring you bags of peanuts and popcorn. Because you are so big, you are afraid of no one.'

"The elephant sighed. 'I'm afraid you're right,' he said to the mouse. 'But tell me, don't you ever wish you were as big as I am?'

"The mouse was silent for a moment, then he squeaked slyly: 'Yes, I've often wished to be as big as an elephant, but I never can be. There's only one creature in the whole wide world who can ever be as big as an elephant.'

"'Who may that be?' asked the elephant.

"'A baby elephant,' replied the mouse."

And that was the end of Ting-a-Ling's story to Knarf and Hanid.

ZOOMS WHO

Rupert and Dinkie—22



Rupert stands very still, and watches until Beryl has her pet safely in her arms. Then he runs across and shouts to the Guide lanes that Dinkie has been found. She, in turn, calls to Pauline, who is further away, before running to join Beryl. "Well, there's our chief trouble over," lanes smiles. "Must we still help in Tigerlily's search?" While they are talking Rupert moves back towards the long grass. "I must see what was exciting Dinkie," he says.

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YOUR BIRTHDAY... By STELLA

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17

BORN today, you have a multitude of interests and an encyclopaedic memory for names, facts and figures. This will be of great use to you in your travels, for wherever you go you will find friends and acquaintances. You have been given more than average talent in a number of fields and there is a distinct danger that you will scatter your energies so widely that you will not become expert in any one line. This would mean that you would be accomplished—but might not make a commercial success of your life, for in an age of specialisation it is the highly trained person who gets ahead fast.

Actually, you are not too fond of being wealthy. All you really want is to have enough to satisfy your desires for being able to get the best of what little you want. Your personal needs are not extravagant, for the intellectual and cultural pleasures give you the greatest satisfaction.

You of the fair sex are highly attractive; are good home-makers; will make excellent wives and fine mothers. You seem to have a talent for making a house a real home and all who come into it happy and welcome.

Among those born on this date are: William H. McMaster and William E. Griffis, educators; Georges de Buffon, naturalist; J. Peter Lesley, geologist; John James Albert, topographical engineer; Marie Condorcet, philosopher.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—This may be a day in which you can help someone who is really deserving of your aid.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—Give a thought to your spiritual life, even if you are not able to attend services.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22.)—Restlessness can be bad policy just now. If confused, stay calm and think things through.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—Think carefully before you speak out and give a decision on anything important.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—Go with the majority today rather than trying to uphold the minority opinion aggressively.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—It might be beneficial to talk over your future plans with someone who is interested in your career.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—This is definitely not the time to mix business and pleasure. Keep each in its separate pigeon-hole.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—Seek spiritual guidance at church if somewhat confused about important issues just now.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—Perhaps you can offer your services for some church or community philanthropy. Help may be needed.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—Romance in the air! Someone you might not have thought of in that light could turn out to be the "one and only."

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—Spend some of the day out in the open, for it will revitalise your spirit and renew your energy.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—You may attend a lecture today that will serve as a real inspiration to your future actions.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 18

BORN today, you are independent and sometimes pig-headed about things. If your persistence is directed toward some definite or important goal, then it may be said that you have a lion's courage of your convictions. Unfortunately, you can be just as stubborn and dogged in something which is comparatively unimportant and which will get you nowhere at all! Learn to be more discriminating in selecting your objective and your success may be better—and faster.

You have a number of talents and probably have the capacity for putting words together. You have too much imagination for your own good, unless you utilise it constructively. Possibly the field of writing will be your best potentiality for a life career.

There is a tendency to procrastinate and put off until tomorrow things which should be done at once. This can be fatal to your own best interest. Conquer this tendency. You also have a hot temper and must learn self-control.

You are, at times, almost psychic in your intuitions and should never go against your "hunches." To let yourself be persuaded against your better judgment by someone else is the surest way to make a big mistake. Overly critical, try to see the good in everyone.

Among those born on this date are: Dr Samuel Johnson and John T. Trowbridge, authors; G. B. Dealey, publisher; Peter Gerry, statesman; Clay Ide, jurist; Greta Garbo, actress.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 19

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—If you yourself, are not involved in romance, it may be that of a very close friend.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—Try something new if you seem to be stymied in reaching an objective. A novel approach might help.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22.)—Better to stick with those you know well when it comes to expanding business plans. Suspect a stranger.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—This is a day when it would be well to follow familiar and well-tried routines if you want good result.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—Avoid the possibility of ending a beautiful friendship by getting into a trivial argument.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—Take events as they come. If you try to rush things too fast, you may end up in a heap of trouble!

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—Better for you to stop, look and listen rather than sound off on your own just now. Be patient.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—Rely upon your own decisions. You might get into difficulty if you take outside advice today.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—Keep your emotions under strict control or you may find that an impulsive action is the wrong move.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—You are capable of handling bigger projects, so, if added responsibility is given you take it.

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—You might want to do something in the garden this evening after office work. It can be relaxing.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—Be open and sincere in everything you do and say. "Talking big" is not the answer to your present problem!

• JACOBY ON BRIDGE

Best Bid Is West's Pass

By OSWALD JACOBY

THE most important bid in today's hand wasn't really a bid at all; it was West's pass over four diamonds. West had already shown a very strong hand by making a free bid at the level of three on the first round of bidding. Obviously he could support either spades or hearts, or perhaps both. Hence his pass must have been based on a willingness to hear a penalty double if East had the hand for a double.

East was perfectly willing to double a high diamond contract since he had a singleton club and three diamonds. If West wanted to hear a double, East was able to make the right noise.

West opened the queen of spades, and East overtook with the king in order to return his singleton club. The play told its own story, so West returned the five of clubs after taking the ace of clubs.

East ruffed the club return and led a heart to his partner's ace. West promptly led another club, and East ruffed again. The defenders eventually got another spade trick, and South won only his seven trumps. This left him down three, for a penalty of 800 points.

	NORTH 15 ♠ 6 3 2 ♥ 10 7 6 5 2 ♦ 10 ♣ 7 4 3 2	
WEST ♠ Q 10 9 ♥ A 8 4 ♦ 8 2 ♣ A J 10 9 5		EAST (D) ♠ A K J 7 4 ♥ K Q J 9 ♦ J 6 4 ♣ 8
	SOUTH ♠ 8 5 ♥ 3 ♦ A K Q 9 7 5 3 ♣ K Q 6	

Both sides vul.

East	South	West	North
1 ♠	2 ♦	3 ♣	Pass
3 ♥	4 ♦	Pass	Pass
Double	Pass	Pass	Pass

Opening lead—♠ Q

There's no great tragedy in going down 800 when your opponents have a laydown vulnerable game, but it certainly isn't a bargain. It was very foolish of South to bid four diamonds against opponents who had shown game-going strength, since this bid offered them their choice between doubling for penalties and going on to their own game.

There are even some situations in which the opponents cannot quite make a game but can nevertheless take a bid like four diamonds to the cleaners. Unless your hand is exceptionally freakish, or powerful enough to make game with a worthless dummy, it doesn't pay to keep bidding with a silent partner against two talkative opponents.

CARD Sense

Q—With neither side vulnerable, the bidding has been:

North	East	South	West
1 Heart	1 Spade	Pass	Pass
Double	Pass	?	

You, South, hold:
♠5 ♥K632 ♦974 ♣QJ852
What do you do?

A—**Bid three hearts. The jump raise is not forcing since you couldn't bid freely over one spade. Your bid shows a hand that was very nearly good enough for a free raise to two hearts. (Some experts would have bid two hearts at the first turn.)**

TODAY'S QUESTION

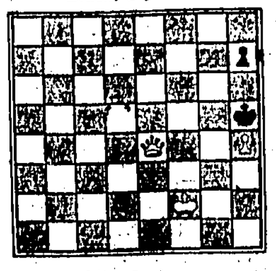
The bidding is the same as in the question just answered. You, South, hold:
♠852 ♥K632 ♦974 ♣QJ8
What do you do?

Answer on Monday

CHESS PROBLEM

By V. BARTOLOVIC

Black, 2 pieces.



White, 3 pieces.

White to play: mate in three.

Solution to yesterday's problem:

1, B—K4, any; 2, Q mates.

BALMORAL CASTLE CENTENARY

By J. W. TAYLOR

UP in the Highlands of Scotland they are celebrating the centenary of Balmoral Castle, that gaunt granite structure in the Highlands, so long the Scottish home of the Royal Family. Just as Queen Victoria, Prince Albert and their family spent many happy, care-free holidays at Balmoral, so do the present Royal Family enjoy their periodical sojourn amid the ever-changing grandeur of the Scottish scenery near Braemar, in the secluded fastnesses of Aberdeenshire.

It was in September 1848, that young Queen Victoria, spending a holiday in Scotland with her family, leased a small residence known as Balmoral House, small and compact, with the sweeping Scottish moors making a majestic background. Its privacy appealed to the Queen, who was thus able temporarily to set aside the cares of State and play the part of a "Laird's Lady."

Cottagers in the neighbourhood were her special attention, and the Queen soon became familiar with the "butt and ben" one-room type of cottage with the bed at the far end of the room concealed by a curtain or shutter, as she called on them to give friendly help and advice and to interest herself in the simple activities of the crofters.

• •

Meticulously did the Queen record her neighbourly tasks, such as entering in her personal journal the gift of red flannel petticoats to the cottagers. There were other entries like the one recording how her daughter Vicky survived sitting on a wasps' nest and the other expressing achievement in overcoming the timidity of the red deer to come within hand-stretching distance of her.

Four years later Queen Victoria purchased Balmoral House, whereupon Prince Albert decided to pull it down and build a royal castle to his own designs. It was built of Scottish granite with a fine 100 ft. tower, many turrets and castellated gables, the walls and doors consisting of pitch pine. And from its heights one could survey the surrounding countryside and wide stretches of the River Dee.

The Royal couple were responsible for the interior decorations. Prince Albert designed his own tartan in red and grey and the Victorian tartan with a white stripe for the Queen. These were specially woven into the castle curtains and covers, as well as in the floor linoleums.

• •

For some years the Royal couple enjoyed the happiest of holidays at Balmoral until the death of Prince Albert brought them to a sad close. The Queen was but 42 years of age. Thereafter when affairs of State permitted her "the solace and rest of a country house, the widowed Queen sojourned either at Osborne House or Balmoral, both residences bearing the imprint of her beloved husband's creative work.

Balmoral has continued to be the Scottish home of Royalty. Once again there is laughter and gaiety from a young Royal family along these corridors that first echoed to the happiness of Victoria and Albert and their children. And once again a young Queen sets out from Balmoral to the "butt and ben" homes of neighbouring cottagers to enquire after their welfare and to give any needed help and advice.

• BY • THE • WAY •

by Beachcomber

I HAVE been thinking of a veteran infantryman I knew on Salisbury Plain in 1915.

He might have stepped straight out of Kipling's pages, for he had all the slang, oaths, songs and fragments of Hindustani familiar to readers of Kipling. I wish we could have his comment on a scheme of Northern Command to analyse the breath of recruits, in order to find out how much energy they use and how many calories they need in their diet.

It all seems very odd

DEAR SIR,

As the history master whose private letters "fell into" the Cricket Captain's brother's hands, allow me to state that the letters were stolen from my desk by a classics master, and sold to the Captain, who was operating under an assumed name. The letters concerned not, as was stated, the old-clothes racket, but a certain greyhound whose feet had been tied together by the owner's son, who was to be paid by the classics master in question. As the greyhound was poisoned by some boys before the race, the owner's son never got his money from the syndicate. My own part in the affair was confined to informing the owner of what his son had been bribed to do; a step I considered it my duty to take, as the boy owed me a small sum for a favour I did him with regard to the marking of an historical essay. I hope this clears up the affair

Yrs. faithfully,
Lancelot F. N. Hough.

Songs of Innocence

The deadly little motor-car
Goes slowly on its way,
A greater source of peril, far,
Than swifter cars, they say.
By some convenient mystery,
The faster people drive,
The easier for you and me
To dodge, and keep alive.

SNEDSON'S PICKLED CHEESE GOES FURTHER

Sir Derek's mascot

SIR DEREK GULDER, fiftyish, balding, snazzy, corny, chunky, sleasy owner of a chain of sewage farms in Cumberland, tells me that he has started to collect saddle-girths. "It takes one's mind off business," cracked Sir Derek, as we sat in his tapestried office. On the richly embossed desk is a photograph of Sir Derek eating horse. "I was marooned by heavy snowfalls," he explained, "in a Japanese village. That may have started the idea of collecting saddle-girths." Then he added, with a boyish laugh, "You know, they are not as dull as they look. Anyhow, that photograph is my mascot."

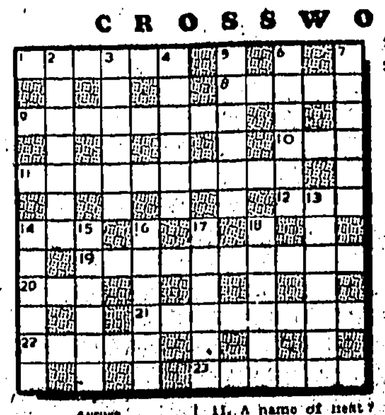
TARGET

HOW many words of four letters or more can you make from the letters in the square on the right? In making each word the letters in each of the small squares may be used once only. Each word *must* contain the large letter in the centre square, and there *must* be at least one nine-letter word in the list. No plurals; no foreign words; no proper names. TODAY'S TARGET: 20 words, *good*; 26 words, *very good*; 32 words, *excellent*. Solution on Monday.

C	I	S
W	A	M
L	I	H

YESTERDAY'S SOLUTION: Agonic agony uncon anion annoy anon aping caning canny canon canopy cany canyon cupon colon coin conn cony coying pain tean nipa pacing pain pany panic paying piano ping piny POIGNANCY pony.

CROSSWORD

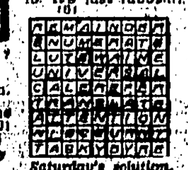


Across

1. Run on. (6)
3. The start. (5)
9. Action of not-so-clear - headed people. (8)
10. Time from the berated people! (3)
11. A name of note? (10)
12. Pronounce. (9)
14. Big in London. (5)
19. Attentions to the proposition. (10)
20. Tidy drink. (3)
21. I sour say (anag.) (8)
22. Nelson was this type. (5)
23. The little editor gets grey! (6)

Down

2. Do the teachers' job. (7)
3. Trees rather like the elders. (6)
4. Busily bent. (6)
5. Villains. (9)
6. Items on the credit side. (6)
7. Boys are advised to be, heart of oak! (6)
13. Angered — partly with red. (7)
14. Bay of old emigration. (6)
15. I've followed little Nathaniel. (6)
16. About that unit of electricity. (6)
17. Tawdry machine for repose. (6)
18. Its first rubbish. (6)



Saturday's solution.

A fascinating pastime

I Listen To Sounds Of Time

By FREDERICK RAWLINGS

WHEN one considers the wealth of material which is crammed into the modern gramophone catalogue it seems a pity that so much of it is either ignored or overlooked.

For some years now I have specialised in the collecting of "unusual" records.

Over the years the collection has seemingly taken charge of itself and has split into four separate sections: International Music, Historical, Literary and, in odd juxtaposition, Film Stars.

From this odd collection I can—and I am choosing them at random—listen to the voice of Hitler telling us that its owner's patience is becoming exhausted; Sir Hugh Walpole reading from one of his novels; Rudolph Valentino trying to prove that he could sing, and an Icelandic tenor demonstrating conclusively that he can.

International Music and recorded History are two particularly fertile fields. One has only to glance at current catalogues to see that practically every country in the world is musically represented on discs.

Authentic Zulu music and songs can be found on **DECCA LF 1054**, while **SUPRAPHON B15005** provides further interesting examples of African music. For a thrill listen to the exciting folk drumming which can be heard on **SUPRAPHON B15106.**

Some records which deserve to be more widely known are the Cingalese children's songs made by Surya Sena and his wife with a supporting ensemble. These charming songs of Ceylon cannot fail to delight anyone whatever his age. The numbers of the four 10-inch plum label records which are issued by **HMV** are as follows: JO 65, JO 66, JO 174 and JO 175.

HAUNTING

Malaya is well represented by the haunting Terlang Baelan on **COL. GJ 352**, while characteristic folk songs of Greece can be heard on **Nixa BY 1141.** Perhaps one of the most successful records to capture the atmosphere of Spain is that of The Three-Cornered Hat played by the orchestra of Phillip Green and danced by Rosario and Antonio on **COL. DX 1817.**

Many people have a prejudice against "Speech" records. "Once a speech has been heard," they say, "one does not particularly want to hear it again." To a certain extent this is true—at the time. In my experience, however, the interest and importance of such recordings come later when the event which is mirrored can be seen in retrospect.

It was an old Regal disc dramatically entitled A Message from the Trenches, by Ben Tillett, which started my collection of historical records. Found in the sixpenny box of a second-hand shop, this old record with its echoes of the 1914-18 war was soon joined by recordings of other leading personalities of the period, while in the meantime history was still being written—and recorded.

A TRIBUTE

A Tribute to the Memory of George V by Stanley Baldwin; Ramsay MacDonald addressing the Five Power Conference of 1930; the Abdication Speech of Edward VIII; and Neville Chamberlain's hopes for "peace in our time" on his return from Munich.

A year later, on the night of September 3, 1939, the late King spoke to the nation (**HMV BB8969**) and from then on the gramophone companies played their part faithfully by recording the momentous events and speeches that followed.

The famous war speeches of Sir Winston Churchill of course; a recording actually made inside a bomber of the RAF as it flew over its target in Germany; an attack by Messerschmitts on a balloon barrage near Dover; the awe-inspiring noise of the blitz on London; and many other outstanding recordings.

NEW ERA

Although most of these discs are now deleted from the catalogues, an excellent substitute can be found in the Oriole recording. The Sounds of Time, which is issued on five 12-inch records.

Now, with the Coronation of the Queen, a new era has opened.

History and the unusual will continue to be recorded with increasing fidelity.

And in arguments of the future the discerning collector will have one great advantage over the contemporaries of Gladstone: he will know exactly what Churchill DID say in 1940!



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CHINA MAIL
Established 1845
Page 20 SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1955.

SHEAFFER'S Skrip

JOHN CLARKE'S CASEBOOK

Charity Show

IT was a fair cop all right. There in Hyde Park was the tightly bunched little crowd.

There at its centre was Ellen. And there in Ellen's outstretched right hand was the upturned homburg into which those of the crowd insufficiently brazen to decline an offering, were dropping coins.

Two policemen closed in, pressing through the crowd that had gathered about Ellen since the start of her informal song recital.

They reached their target.

WITHERING

"WE'RE arresting you," said one of the officers to Ellen, "for soliciting alms in the park."

"Give me your name and address please," said the other.

Ellen stood her ground, a striking figure of a woman. "Your name and address, I said," the officer repeated.

Ellen tried withering him with a glance, and when he would not be withered, lobbed the homburg at him. The officer ducked; his colleague, at Ellen's side, asked again for her name and address.

BUZZING

STILL she would not tell, so she was led, through the curious but prudently melting crowd, to Hyde Park police station.

Next morning, at Bow Street, Ellen pleaded guilty to soliciting alms, but not guilty to declining her name and address.

"Oh, deary me," she said to the magistrate, Mr Clyde Wilson, "I never heard them ask me, I never caught what they said. I've had such a cold, you know, and what with the buzzin my ears...."

The policemen told their story. "When she was charged," said one, "she said: 'I was just singing a song or two to collect money for those kids that had lost their bus fare home.'"

WITNESSES

"THAT'S right," Ellen nodded. "I'm ever so sorry, I really am."

"Have you any witnesses you want to call?" the magistrate asked.

"Oh yes, I've witnesses," Ellen said.

Her witnesses formed a compact group who stood under the police that ordered witnesses to stay out of the courtroom.

The first came forward, a pretty girl. "One of the policemen grabbed this lady by one arm, and the other by the other," she said, "but I never heard nobody say nothing about names and addresses."

"Next witness," said the magistrate.

SEMI-COMEDIENNE

A LEAN and thoughtful-looking coloured man stepped into the box. "I just took this lady here for a ride in the bus from where we live to the park," he said.

"She was trying to get money for these kids that had lost their bus-money, when the policemen came and got her. They never gave her no time for any talking."

He leaned forward confidentially and added: "You see, sir, this lady she's a....she's a sort of semi-comedienne."

"Thank you, stand down," the magistrate said.

IN THE HAT

"I FIND this case proved," he went on. "Anything known?"

"Exactly a year ago today, sir, she wes here on two charges of assaulting the police."

"What does she do for a living?"

"She claims to be a housewife, sir. Last night she was collecting, ostensibly for two children who had lost their fares."

"How much was there in the hat?"

"Three and tenpence, sir."

"You must pay a fine of 20s. on the first charge," Mr Wilson said to Ellen. "On the second, I shall discharge you absolutely."

"Yes, sir, thank you sir, I'm ever so sorry, "sir," Ellen said, and she bustled back into the thankless workaday world where charity brought not its own reward, but carried its own kind of penalties.

ARBITRATOR WALKS OUT OF BURAIMI OASIS HEARING AT GENEVA

Geneva, Sept. 16.

The entire proceedings in the Buraimi Oasis dispute were suspended here today, following the resignation of Sir Reader Bullard, the British member of the five-judge International Arbitration Tribunal.

Sir Reader Bullard, who is 70, is a retired British diplomat who had many years' service in the Middle East.

He declared in a statement which he read to the Tribunal today that he was resigning on the grounds that Sheik Yusuf Yasin, the Saudi Arabian nominee on the Tribunal, had "hopelessly compromised the position of the Tribunal" by his conduct.

After reading his statement out to the Tribunal, Sir Reader Bullard left the chamber.

His statement said:

"I have always felt uneasy about the position of Sheik Yusuf Yasin in connection with these proceedings, but I had not realised until yesterday when Sheik Yusuf Yasin openly asserted the fact that he himself was the Saudi Arabian official in charge of affairs at Buraimi and that he accepted full responsibility for the conduct of Quereishi (the Saudi Arabian political officer for the area).

Became Clear

"Moreover, in the last few days, it has become abundantly clear that Sheik Yusuf Yasin is in fact in effective control of the conduct of the proceedings on behalf of the Saudi Arabian Government and is representing that government on this Tribunal rather than acting as an impartial arbitrator.

"It has been established that the first thing Quereishi did on reaching Geneva was to see Sheik Yusuf Yasin and the subsequent course of events leaves no doubt in my mind that the Sheik saw fit to brief him as to his evidence and conduct before the Tribunal. This I regard as completely vitiating the whole proceedings.

"I have always regarded my own position as one of complete independence of the British Government and this, I know, is the position which the British Government desired me to occupy."

He added he regarded it as essential that each member of the arbitration tribunal should feel completely at liberty to give any decision he thinks right, including one against his own government.

"I am afraid the position of the Tribunal has been hopelessly compromised by the conduct of Sheik Yusuf Yasin and by other distasteful matters which have come to notice. I do not think that the tribunal is any longer in a position to reach a unanimous or judicial conclusion on the matters before it and I feel the only step I can take which is consistent with my own independence and honour is to tender my resignation."

Consented

A British spokesman said tonight that while it was known that Sheik Yusuf Yasin was deputy Foreign Minister of Saudi Arabia, they had consented to his nomination to the arbitration tribunal, which had to deal with the basic dispute over the frontiers of the Buraimi zone.

Dr Abdel Rahman Azzam, the Saudi Arabian agent, declared after Sir Reader Bullard had resigned that this was an attempt on the part of Britain to sabotage the proceedings.

Sir Hartley Shawcross, representing Britain, declared that Dr Azzam's assertions were completely contrary to fact and the British Government had always fully expected the proceedings to end in a settlement of the dispute.

The five judges on the tribunal yesterday finished hearings on British charges that Saudi Arabia distributed enormous bribes in an attempt to buy the loyalty of local chiefs in the area pending arbitration over the whole question of frontier.

It asked for the removal of Mr Abdula Quereishi, Saudi Arabian political officer in the Buraimi area, who on Wednesday denied charges that he had handed out bribes.—China Mail Special.

Can Can Pants Covered

London, Sept. 16.

London transport officials have blacked out the lace panties of a Can Can dancer adorning posters in some underground railway stations.

The poster—advertising a film, "French Can Can"—shows the back view of a Moulin Rouge chorus girl in the traditional pose—skirt up, frilly underwear prominent, long black stockinged legs.

The attractive spread of white space representing the panties has been too big a temptation to the amateur artists and writers who like to scrawl rude words on posters.

Some of the things which have been written have brought blushes to respectable travellers and angry complaints to station masters. So today, millions of Londoners found bill-stickers had been busy pasting strips of black paper over the panties.

"Most troublesome poster we've ever had," a transport official grumbled.—China Mail Special.

Imperial Produce Stakes Probables

London, Sept. 16.

Seven probable starters and jockeys for the valuable Imperial Produce Stakes for two-year-olds, to be run over six furlongs at Kempton Park at 2.30 p.m. tomorrow, are:

Juvara—A. Breasley, Al Mohannah—no jockey, Notus—W. H. Carr, Milesian—T. M. Burns, the Dote—B. Swift, Valencia—D. Smith and Solarist—C. Forte. — China Mail Special.

IMF AND GATT SHOULD BE LINKED—BUTLER

Istanbul, Sept. 16.

Mr R. A. Butler, British Chancellor of the Exchequer, said here today the International Monetary Fund should be linked with GATT—the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade.

Speaking as chairman of the Organisation for European Economic Co-operation (OEEC), he told the concluding meeting of the fund and the World Bank there was also a need for a link between the fund and the promised European fund to replace the European Payments Union (EPU).

Mr Butler said he felt the week-long conference, the Organisation's tenth, had been a great success.

At the close of the conference, Mr Ivar Rooth, the Swedish Managing Director of the International Monetary Fund, made an optimistic speech. He said that with the present prosperous conditions in the United States, "particularly if reinforced by a liberalisation of American trade policy as we hope they will be," countries with sound domestic policies should be able to continue their progress.

Britain's measures to correct her "temporary setback" should favourably affect her balance of payments in the coming year, he said.

Proper Perspective

Mr Rooth referred to the call by Mr Eric Louw, the South African Finance Minister, for a higher price for gold.

He said the problem of gold reserves required a proper perspective. No wave of a wand, not even a wand of gold, could bring a strong and balanced pattern of international payments.

Mr Rooth said the periodic need to supplement the reserves of some countries would increase with world trade.

The International Monetary Fund was designed to provide such supplementary reserves, and would provide them in all appropriate cases.

At the conclusion of the meeting, Mexico was elected to the chairmanship of the World Bank fund for the coming year, and for the next annual conference in Washington next September.

It is believed that Australia might draw $30 million (£10,714,000) from the fund in Washington shortly.—Reuter.

Court Order Against 'The Voice'

Aldershot, Sept. 16.

THE War Office was granted a court order here today against ex-Sergeant Major Ronald Brittain, who won the reputation of having the loudest voice in the British army before his retirement last January.

The order was for the possession of the married quarters at Mons barracks, Aldershot, occupied by Brittain and his wife.

The barrack officer, Major McColl, said he believed that Mr Brittain, who had served for 37 years, had been the senior regimental sergeant-major in the British army.

To Cost

"Most of us know him, if not by appearance, by repute. Some of us know him to our cost," the judge commented.

Major McColl said the quarters were now required for Mr Brittain's successor.

A solicitor, representing the War Office, said he was applying for a 28 days' order and if that was made, it would be a matter for the army authorities to say whether they would let Mr Brittain stay on until he moved into a new house he hoped to occupy on November 30. Mr Brittain did not appear in court.—China Mail Special.

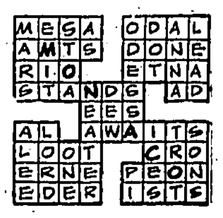
Rediffusion

H.K.T.

1 p.m. Time Signal; 1.15, News, Weather Report and Special Announcements; 1.30, Lunchtime Music; 2, Old Time Ballroom—with Sydney Thompson and his Orchestra; 2.30, Hallmarks of Modern Music. Tony Hall and his Orchestra; 3, Hospital Requests presented by Jean; 4, Forces Choice Presented by Evan Rayment; 4.30, Rhythm Parade — Instrumental Music; 5, Melody Magic—Songs For Reminiscing; 5.30, Strictly Instrumental. Silver Network—Request Programme of Western Music; 6, Birthday Mailbag; 6.03, Unit Requests; 7, Juke Box Parade; 7.30, London Town—Featuring the Music of Oscar Grasso and his Orchestra; 8, Time Signal and the News. (London Relay); 8.09, Weather Report, Announcements and Interlude; 8.15, The Melody Dance Band—Old Favourites; 8.30, Rediffusion's Voice of Sport; 9, The Shriro Hit Parade—Top Tunes of the Week; 9.30, Penthouse Party—Starring Nelson Eddy with Guest Artists; 10, Famous Court Dramas—"A Call For Mr Wallace"; 10.30, Wayne King Serenade—Featuring the Wayne King Orchestra and Choir; 11, Date for Dancing—Popular Dance Music; 12 midnight, "God Save the Queen." Close Down.

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SOMETHING ALIKE: 1—Tail. 2—Trunk. 3—Neck. 4—Horns. 5—Scales. 6—Stripes. 7—Wings. 8—Ears.

WHAT AM I: Your shoes!

BRITAIN WRITES OFF MOST SHIPS

London, Sept. 16.

Britain wrote off more ships and a bigger tonnage of shipping as a total loss during 1954 than any other maritime power, according to a statistical summary published today by Lloyds.

The summary, which excluded ships of less than 100 tons, showed that United Kingdom losses totalled 18 vessels, with a combined tonnage of 44,058 tons.

The United States, with 13 vessels totalling 16,394 tons, Sweden with 12 vessels totalling 13,118 tons, Italy, with 10 vessels totalling 17,778 tons, Panama, 7 ships totalling 32,490 tons and Brazil nine ships totalling 21,481 tons also suffered heavy loss of tonnage.

Comparisons

The losses compared with the total tonnage owned by these countries were:

United Kingdom: .23 per cent; British Commonwealth .23 per cent; United States: .06 per cent; Sweden; .49 per cent; Italy: .37 per cent; Panama: .79 per cent; Brazil: 2.4 per cent.

Other losses were:

Argentina—one vessel of 9,589 tons;

Denmark—seven vessels, totalling 11,224 tons;

Germany—six vessels, totalling 3,206 tons;

Greece—five vessels, totalling 9,871 tons;

Japan—nine vessels, totalling 12,029 tons;

Netherlands — nine vessels, totalling 4,519 tons;

Norway—seven vessels, totalling 7,827 tons.

Total world shipping casualties during 1954 amounts to 182 vessels, totalling 262,369 tons, of which 84 were wrecked, 42 foundered and 18 burnt. The others were written off as missing or lost through collision or unspecified causes.

In addition, some 578 vessels, totalling 1,505,377 tons, were condemned or broken up during the year.—Reuter.

Sentry's Hoax

ALLEGED ATTACK ON DUTY

Gosport, Hampshire, Sept. 16.

Private John Saxton, 23, a sentry who hoaxed the War Office into believing an armed attack was made on him at his barracks last weekend, has been "summarily dealt with" by his commanding officer, an Army spokesman said today.

He is to see a psychiatrist, the spokesman said.

Before the incident was discovered to be a hoax, the War Office had stated that Saxton, a "prowler" sentry, patrolling a lonely part of the barracks, had foiled an attempt by three men armed with a razor or knife to grab his rifle.

The sentry had "very smartly" blown his whistle. The attackers had made off, leaving the rifle behind.

Later the War Office said the sentry had confessed his story was a "complete fabrication."—China Mail Special.

KCC TENNIS

The KCC men's tennis singles final, originally arranged for tomorrow, has been postponed and will now be played off on Sunday, September 25.

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NOTICE

THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB

Annual General Meeting

In accordance with the Resolutions passed at the Extraordinary General Meeting of Voting Members held on 5th September, 1955, the Annual General Meeting of the Club will be held at the Club House, Happy Valley, in the Colony of Hong Kong, on Thursday, the 29th September, 1955, at 5.45 p.m.

All members are cordially invited to attend and participate in any discussion which may ensue. They are invited to forward to the Secretary in writing at least seven days before the meeting is due to take place, any matters which they may wish to bring up for discussion.

By Order of the Stewards,
A. E. ARNOLD,
Secretary.

Hongkong, 16th Sept., 1955.

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